

ARABIAN TALES;

OR,

K
A CONTINUATION

OF THE

Arabian Nights Entertainments.

CONSISTING OF

STORIES,

RELATED BY THE

SULTANA OF THE INDIES,

To divert her Husband from the Performance of a rash Vow.

EXHIBITING

A most interesting Picture of the Religion, Laws, Manners,
Customs, Arts, and Literature of the Nations of the East.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Newly translated from the original Arabic into French, by

DOM CHAVES, a Native Arab, and M. CAZOTTE,
Member of the Academy of DIJON.

Sophia J. B. Henderson

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ARABIAN TALES

A COLLECTION

OF

THE



P R E F A C E.

IT has been asserted of a former edition of this Work, that the French, from which it was rendered into English, was by no means a translation from the original Arabic. The opinion, that it was not a genuine collection of Oriental Tales, was plausibly founded on some such arguments as these—That not only French phraseology in every page offended the taste even of the less fastidious reader, but that the representation of manners, and of writing, betrayed such a contradicting mixture sometimes Oriental, and at others European, that the whole work was involved in the consequences of a suspicion, properly and justly enough directed to particular portions. The Translators of the present edition, being aware both of this difficulty, and these objections,

have been at considerable pains to arrive at the truth ; and have bestowed no mean degree of labour on the task of discriminating that which was original, from a cloud of Gallic interpolations.

They are enabled to assure the reader, from a source of the most authentic and indisputable intelligence, that the basis of the whole is to be found even in this country, in the original Arabic. At the same time, they are compelled to acknowledge, that the French Translator, not satisfied with the periphrastic style of writing appropriate to the French national character, and which it even delights to assume and display, had made large and unwarrantable insertions.

It will be found the great and honourable distinction of the present edition, that these exercises have been temperately, and, we hope, judiciously perused ; that the spirit and character of the original work has been faithfully preserved ; and that nothing has been either

inserted or rejected, which can injure the dignity of truth, on the one hand, or violate the precision of accurate composition, on the other.

It was necessary to say thus much, to prevent any surprize in the minds of our readers, from now receiving, in three volumes, that which has been before presented to them in four. But we may assert, with some degree of confidence, that in this respect they will by no means be losers. It was the real interest and delight which we took in the preceding volumes of the Arabian Tales, which was our principal and immediate inducement to prepare for the public eye the present work, which professes to be a continuation of the former. We trust that our labour has not been misemployed: we have endeavoured at least to polish the diamond, and reject the crust; to exhibit the gold, as free as possible from any allay. Neither have we any doubt of success, as long as simplicity shall be pre-

ferred to tautology; the charms of pure but elegant fiction, to the wanderings of a vitiated imagination; and the view of real manners, to the garbled and unchaste representatives of ignorance, vanity, and conceit.

7 JY 65

THE
SEQUEL
TO THE
THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

THE Sultan Schariar appeared to be much entertained with the history of the Sultan of Persia, and the two jealous sisters; his curiosity was excited, and he wished to hear new stories.

“ Sister,” said Dinarzade to Scheherazade, “ the marriage of Kosron Schah, which happened after a nocturnal excursion abounding with such interesting events, reminds me of what passed between the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, the Princess of Persia, and the fair Zutulbé, after one of his nightly rambles through Bagdad, when the dress of a slave frequently concealed the Commander of the Faithful: with delight I have heard you repeat it, and should it be still within the compass of your recollection, I dare say the recital would be amusing. “ Sister (replied the fair Sultaneß,) I have been always charmed with the adventures of the Caliph Haroun; they have been ever to me an inexhaustible fund of entertainment, and what we have delighted in, we seldom forget. Since it is your wish, and if my Lord the Sultan permits, I shall relate those adventures which you have mentioned.” The Sultan smiled assent, and Scheherazade began in these words :

*The CALIPH turned ROBBER; or, the Adventures
of HAROUN ALRASCHID with the PRINCESS of
PERSIA, and the fair ZUTULBE.*

THE feast of Haraphat * had assembled at Bagdad whatever was noble and splendid; not only the Vizirs, and Emirs, but several of the Potentates, who paid homage to the Caliph, attended at the solemn festival. There was the fullest display of pomp and decoration, and magnificence seemed to be exhausted. The grand mosque resounded with the sonorous voice of the *batibs* †, the air was sweetened by perfumes; and the altar was stained with the blood of the consecrated heifer; finally, nothing was wanting, which might declare, both to the heavens and the earth, the piety of the commander of the faithful, the zeal of the Prince of the true believers, and the devotion of the greatest of the sovereigns of the world. The ceremony, however, was long, and Haroun was fatigued: he spoke to his Grand Vizir, who was the chief of the Barmecides.

“Giafar,” said he, “the feast of our great prophet should inspire joy, and yet I find myself corroded by melancholy: in the midst of pomp and splendor, I am tormented by involuntary care: I must dissipate, and on a day such as this, my dissipation should be productive of utility to my people:

* A festival amongst the followers of Mahomet, at which a number of animals was sacrificed.

† The singers in the mosques.

let us disguise ourselves; let us walk through the streets of Bagdad; let us give alms to the poor, and let us alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. I wish to see, with my own eye, if my people are happy, and if my substitutes discharge their duty with punctuality."

Giafar was all obedience to the commands of the Caliph. They entered into a private apartment, where they disguised themselves, and having put a thousand pieces of gold into their pockets, they sallied forth from the palace. They traversed all the streets and squares of the city, and distributed alms to the necessitous. As they passed through a particular district, they met a woman sitting on the pavement in the middle of the street: she held out her hand to the Caliph, and asked charity. The monarch was struck with the beauty of the arm which was extended towards him; it was of the most exquisite shape, and white as snow. He reached out a piece of gold to Giafar, to give the fair petitioner. The Vizir obeyed the injunctions of his master: having received the donation, the woman closed her hand, and finding, by the bulk and weight, that it was not the coin which was commonly distributed in alms, she opened her fingers, and perceiving it to be gold, she called out to Giafar—"Oh, young man," said she, "you have given me a piece of gold; did you mean to give me an alms, or had you any other design?" "Madam," replied Giafar, "you are not indebted to me, but to the young man, who is along with me." "Have the goodness," rejoined

ed she, "to get from him an explanation of his generosity." Giafar mentioned her request to the Caliph, who answered, "let her not be uneasy on that head; for charity and the love of God were the cause:" "Since that is the case," replied the woman, "tell him that he has my most sincere thanks, and that I shall petition heaven to grant him a long and happy life." Haroun, informed by Giafar of the manner in which she had accepted his gift, and of the prayers which she intended to offer for his welfare, sent him back to her. "Ask her," said the Caliph, "if she is a virgin, or married; if her hand is to be disposed of, tell her, I purpose to espouse her."

Giafar delivered this new message. "I am a virgin, answered she," and ready to marry the young man, since he entertains so favourable an opinion of me, provided he can settle on me a suitable dowry." "Who can this woman be," said Giafar, as he repeated her answer; "does she doubt whether the Commander of the Faithful can settle on her a dowry?"

"My disguise pleads her excuse," answered the Caliph; "know from her, what her dowry is to be." The Grand Vizir obeyed the order, which he had received, and her answer was, "my dowry must be equivalent to one year's tribute of the cities of Ispahan and *Karassin*." Giafar shook his head at this reply; and the Caliph having retired to his palace, the Vizir followed him, and informed him of the conversation he had with the damsel; Haroun appeared satisfied. "Return to her," said he,

“ she will be astonished ; for I embrace her offer.”

The Grand Vizir returned immediately to the fair unknown, and acquitted himself of his commission.

“ Who is this man,” replied she, “ who can give such a dowry ? What are his resources ? What are his powers ?” “ He, of whom I have spoken to you,” answered Giafar, “ is called Haroun Alraschid. In a word, he is the Commander of the Faithful.”

At the name of the Caliph, the damsel rose, and covered herself with her veil, that she might appear with becoming modesty before the Grand Vizir : she returned thanks to God, and said, “ If the Caliph is to be my husband, I am satisfied ; you may assure him of my consent.” Giafar reported to Haroun his last conversation with the damsel, and described, in a few words, her countenance, her attitude, and tone of voice : Haroun instantly ordered one of the most respectable of the women of the palace, attended by a number of slaves, to find out the unknown virgin, and conduct her to the royal baths.

After she had bathed, she was arrayed most sumptuously. Her garments glittered with the richest diamonds of the East, and she was conveyed to one of the most magnificent apartments in the palace : the chief of the eunuchs informed the Caliph, that his commands had been obeyed : Haroun then ordered Giafar to bring the Cadi to sign the contract of marriage.

When evening came, Haroun entered the apartment of his bride : she prostrated herself before him,

and expressed her gratitude in the strongest terms. The Caliph sat down, and placed her beside him: "who is your father, Madam," said he; "your family must be noble, since you have demanded from me a dowry so considerable."

"Prince of the Faithful," replied she, with her eyes bent to the ground, "I derive my origin from the Kassera Abocheroan; you behold one of their descendants: a reverse of fortune, and irrevocable destiny reduced me to that situation in which you found me."

"Princess," replied the Caliph, "you are the grand-daughter of Kassera, whose reputation is blackened by the acts of tyranny with which he disgraced his reign."

"It is this same tyranny," replied the Princess, "which has reduced his descendants to the melancholy situation of begging their bread in the streets."

"But," rejoined the Caliph, "I have been informed, that having, towards the close of his reign, repented of his errors, he governed with such moderation, and dispensed justice with such impartiality, that even the beasts of the earth, and the fowls of the air, partook of his beneficence."

"It is for this, O Caliph," replied the Princess, "that God has this day rewarded his descendants; he has taken one of his daughters out of the street, to become the wife of the Commander of the Faithful."

The prudent answer of his new bride melted the soul of Haroun; he clasped her in his arms, and by

a thousand embraces, testified to her in what estimation he held the prize, for which he was indebted to the goodness of heaven. But the rapture he felt was soon damped by a mortifying reflection.

“ Pardon me, Princess,” cried he, “ if I am compelled to snatch myself from your charms; I am now the most unfortunate of men: borne away, this morning, by my zeal, and having no idea of the treasure, fortune intended to bestow on me, I made, in honour of our great Prophet, a solemn and irrevocable vow, not to cohabit for a whole year with the next woman whom I should espouse. I feel most sensibly my imprudence; but I could not foresee the pleasure I am to be deprived of; and you, whose religion appears to be of the purest kind, must well know the sacred nature of my vow, and you should co-operate with me, to make it productive of my future happiness.”

The bride bent her eyes to the ground in token of her acquiescence: The Caliph withdrew; he saw that she possessed both merit and beauty, and promised himself much happiness from his connexion with the Persian Princess; but scrupulously attached to his oath, he declined seeing her, lest the temptation should be too powerful: the constant attentions, however, which were paid her, prevented her from supposing that she was either neglected or forgotten, or that the Caliph had repented of his choice.

The tedious year had passed away, and the day which closed it brought again the solemn feast of Haraphat. The Caliph, with Giafar his prime Vizir,

and Mesrour the chief of the eunuchs, explored the principal streets of Bagdad in disguise, and every thing met with the royal approbation: Haroun, in returning to the palace, passed by a pastry cook's-shop, where there was such an appearance of neatness and propriety, that he was tempted to examine minutely the pastry, which was displayed in great abundance; and more than one sense was gratified.

When the Caliph had entered his apartment, he described to one of his officers the pastry-cook's shop, and desired him to order from thence an hundred cataifs *. The officer acquitted himself of his commission, and the pastry was sent to the palace. Haroun, having received the cataifs, put a piece of gold in each, covered them with pistachio nuts, powdered them over with sugar, and sent them as a present to the Persian Princess his spouse. He desired that she should be reminded that the year was expired, during which he had been restrained by his oath from seeing her, and that in the evening, she was to expect a visit from the Commander of the Faithful.

The eunuch, who delivered the message, was commanded to ask her, if she had any wish, which the Caliph could accomplish. "I want for nothing," said the amiable descendant of Kassera; "when I shall have the happiness to behold the Commander of the Faithful, all my desires will be gratified."

* Cataif, a sort of little Tart.

Haroun was satisfied with the wisdom of her reply. But wishing to do something, which might be pleasing to his beloved, he ordered Mesrour to insist that she might consider in what manner he could gratify her.

"Since the Caliph," replied she, "desires to oblige me, tell him that I should wish to have a thousand pieces of gold; and a female confidential slave to accompany me in disguise through the streets of Bagdad, that I, who have been one of the daughters of distress, may supply the wants of the afflicted."

The Caliph smiled at her request, and ordered that it should be instantly complied with. The Princess and the woman who accompanied her, walked through the streets of Bagdad, distributed alms on every side, till they had spent the thousand pieces of gold.

That day the heat was intense. The Princess, as she returned to the palace, was scorched with a burning thirst; she mentioned her distress to her companion, who seeing a water merchant, wished to call him. "I chuse not to drink out of the same vessel," said the Princess, "with all the people of Bagdad. I feel somewhat of disgust."

They afterwards came to a magnificent house; the slave, as she passed the door, which was of sandal wood, perceived through a window, which had been thrown open, a chandelier of gold in the porch, suspended by a string of the same metal. A curtain, richly embroidered, fell down on either hand, and two sofas of beautiful marble, on each side of the door, completed the furniture of the hall.

After having examined the outside of the house, the slave rapped at the door; it was opened by a young man of genteel appearance, and elegantly dressed, who politely asked, in what manner he could assist her. "You see, Sir," said she, "that my daughter is parched up with thirst; she will not drink out of the vessel of the water-merchant; give her a glass, and we shall be infinitely indebted to you."

"You shall be satisfied instantly, Madam," replied the young man. He returned immediately with a goblet of gold filled with water, and gave it to the woman, who reached it to the Princess; she turned her face to the wall, that she might drink without being perceived: the goblet was returned to the young man, by the slave, who thanked him for his politeness to her, and her pretended daughter. The Princess and she withdrew, and returned speedily to the palace.

When the Commander of the Faithful had arranged the dish of *cataifs* in the above-mentioned manner, he sent them to the Princess, as a pledge and signal of his affection: the chief of the eunuchs, who carried the dish of tarts, not knowing in what manner the Caliph had seasoned it, and considering it but as a piece of common gallantry, did not deliver his message in the forcible manner he should have done; and the Princess considering it in the same point of view, left the pastry on a table in her apartment, and thought no more about the matter.

On her return from distributing the alms, she cast her eye on the dish of cataifs, and thought it might be an equivalent for the glass of water. "Take this pastry," said she to the slave, who had attended her, "and give it, as if from yourself, to the young man, who so politely furnished me with the glass of water."

The slave acquitted herself of her message: she found the young man sitting on one of the sofas in his porch. "My daughter, and I," said she, "are infinitely obliged to you for your kindness and attention; pray, accept from us this pastry, as a proof of our esteem."

"Since you wish, Madam, to acknowledge so slight a service," replied the young man, "I shall accept your present, and be so obliging as to lay it down on the sofa." After a few compliments were exchanged, they parted, and the slave returned to the palace.

At this instant, the watchman of the ward in which the young man lived, came to pay him the accustomed compliment on the feast of Haraphat; and at the conclusion, demanded the usual present. "Take this dish of cataifs," said the young man. The watchman received it with gratitude; kissed the hand of his benefactor, and returned home.

The wife of the watchman, seeing him enter with such a large and beautiful dish, exclaimed, "from whom had you this? Tell me, my good man, have you stolen it." "No, wife," replied the watch-

man; "but the Hazebe*, the great officer of the Caliph, gave it to me: may God preserve his life; let us eat heartily of those cataifs; they are dainty sure.

"Glutton," replied his wife, "would you eat such expensive food? Go sell them, along with the dish; these delicacies are not fit for such poor folks as we are. With the money you bring back we can purchase what will be more suitable for our family."

"Wife, wife," said the watchman, "God has sent us cataifs, and of cataifs I must eat."

"You shall not taste a single morsel," said his wife, in an angry tone of voice; "your son has neither bonnet nor slippers; I am half naked; and you are all in tatters: go, sell this dish directly, and bring back the money."

The watchman was obliged to obey his wife; he went to the market place, and gave the dish to the public crier. A merchant purchased it, and carried off his prize.

The purchaser, as he was returning home, began to examine his bargain, and seeing the name of Haroun Alraschid on the dish, he went back hastily to the market place. "Take again your dish," said he to the crier; "would you ruin me, and have me taken up on suspicion of having stolen the dishes and plates of the Caliph?"

The crier, when he read the letters which were on the edge of the dish, was seized with astonishment

* Great Chamberlain to the Caliph.

and terror : he flew to the palace, and demanding to see the Caliph, was admitted into his presence ; and he shewed him the cataifs, with the dish on which they had been put.

Haroun recollected instantly the dish, which he had intended for a part of the collation with the Princesses. One of the failings of this great man, was, his annexing too much importance to every thing that he did ; and even his trifles became matters of the most serious consequence. The disarrangement of his plan concerning the dish of cataifs had disturbed the repose of the greatest monarch of the East : his present had been neglected and despised, and his anger was kindled against the Persian Princess.

" Tell me," said the enraged Caliph to the crier, " who gave you this dish of cataifs ? "

" Commander of the Faithful," said he, " the watchman of such a district of the city gave it to me to sell."

The Caliph ordered that the watchman should be brought in chains before him : the unfortunate wretch was seized, and brought into the presence of his sovereign. The unfortunate man, finding himself in this deplorable situation, on account of a dish of cataifs, began silently to execrate his wife. " Cursed creature !" muttered he, " to betray a man, when you wished to serve him : no one should take your advice : had you let me eat this dish of cataifs, nothing evil would have happened to me. But forsooth ! you must become an economist ; your like ruined the first man, and your like will continue to

do the same to the end of the world. Behold me here exposed to the wrath of the first potentate of the earth. Come, and tell me how to extricate myself from this danger, if any good can proceed from a mouth, who has always told lies."

The Caliph interrupted the watchman in his abuse of his wife, by asking him from whom he had the dish of cataifs. "Speak, wretch," said the enraged monarch; "tell the truth, if you wish to escape death."

"O, Commander of the Faithful!" said the trembling watchman, "suspend the effects of your displeasure; and may they not fall on the head of the innocent: the Hazeb Yemaleddin, your great officer, gave me for a present both the dish and the cataifs."

At the name of Yemaleddin, the anger of the Caliph increased. He commanded that he should be brought before him, bound hand and foot, with the muslin of his turban about his neck. He likewise ordered that his house should be levelled with the ground, and his furniture and estates confiscated.

Those who bore the mandate of Haroun, surrounded the House of Yemaleddin, and rapped at his door; it was opened by Yemaleddin himself, who was astonished at the rigorous order of the Caliph: he was unacquainted with the motive; but he was all obedience to the commands of his sovereign; "I submit to God," said he, "and to the Prince of the Faithful, who is his representative on earth."

One of the officers seized the turban of the Ha-

zeb, and twisted the muslin round his throat. "Is it by the order of my sovereign, that I am thus treated?" said Yemaleddin. "Yes," replied the officer; "I should confiscate your estate, level your house to the ground, and lead you in chains, with your head and feet naked; but I shall not execute my commission in the fullness of severity; we recollect with gratitude the benefits you have conferred on us, and that your door was ever open to us." "Since you have so much regard for me," rejoined the Hazeb, "when you destroy my house, leave some small asylum for my mother, who is worn out with age, and for my sister, who wants a protector."

Yemaleddin was conducted to the feet of the Caliph, where he prostrated himself. "May heaven," said he, "crown with prosperity the dispenser of its blessings on earth: O wise and equitable Haroun Alraschid, in what has the most humble of your slaves displeased you? Why has he merited a chastisement so severe?"

"Do you know," answered the Caliph, pointing to the watchman, "that person, who is chained beside you?"

"It is," joined the Hazeb, "the watchman of our district." "Do you know this dish?" continued Haroun: "who gave it to you? Why have you prostituted it so contemptuously, by giving it to the vilest of my slaves?"

The answer of Yemaleddin was such as might be expected from the most unfulfilled innocence. He

clearly stated his adventure with the two females, and fully exculpated the miserable watchman.

The Caliph, while the Hazeb related his story, was wounded with a thousand mortifying reflections. "A woman, whom I have raised from the dung-hill," said he to himself, "gives to an unknown person an hundred cataifs, seasoned by my own hand with gold, pistachio nuts, and sugar, to pay for a glass of water! She had good reason to say that the revenue of two provinces should be her dowry! I sent her a pledge of my love, a token of my affection, and she would have given it to a water-merchant, if she had not been disgusted with his vessel! In such estimation are the presents of Haroun Al-raschid held by the grand-daughter of King Kassera. But let us see how far she may have forgotten me and herself." Then directing his discourse to the Hazeb, in an angry and terrible tone of voice,

"Yemaleddin," said he, "have you seen the face of the woman, to whom you gave the glass of water?" "Yes," replied the Hazeb, without considering what he answered.

At this information, as false, as it was involuntary, the fever of jealousy was added to the flame which consumed the breast of Haroun; he ordered that the Persian Princess should be instantly brought before him, and that both she and Yemaleddin should be beheaded.

The grand-daughter of Kassera appeared. "Madam," said the Caliph, "under the pretence of re-

lieving the poor and the unfortunate with alms, you traverse the city to shew yourself to this young man."

The Princess looked on Yemaleddin. "Have you seen my face?" said she; "do you know that slanderous person, who is the destruction of us both?"

"Pardon me, Madam," said the Hazebe; "I am that person; my lips have decided our fate, without the consent of my heart: blame our stars, blame our unhappy destiny, which have compelled me to utter a falsehood, which my soul disavows."

This explanation did not change the mind of the Caliph. The executioner bound the eyes of the two supposed culprits, and then spoke to Haroun:—"Commander of the Faithful," said he, "shall I strike the blow?" "Strike," said the Caliph. The executioner took a turn or two round the condemned*, still asking the Caliph the same question, and still receiving the same order.

After the third turn, the executioner spoke to Yemaleddin: "Before you die, have you any thing to say to the Caliph? Take advantage of the only moment in which it is permitted you to speak: consider that you have lost every expectation of life."

"Take away," said Yemaleddin, "the bandage from my eyes, that I may behold my relations and friends." The Hazebe having his eyes unbound,

* It was the express order of Haroun, that the executioner should turn three times round the culprit, before he gave the fatal stroke. The reason is obvious.

looked about, and perceived that nobody appeared interested about him; so great was the deference paid to the Caliph.

A gloomy silence reigned through the whole assembly. Yemaleddin took advantage of it, and cried aloud, "I wish to speak to the Commander of the Faithful." He was permitted to approach. "Dispenser of blessings and of chastisements," said he, "suspend my punishment for one month only, and in the last three days of the reprieve which I demand, you shall behold astonishing events: the knowledge which you shall derive from them will be of the utmost importance to you."

The Caliph was astonished at the prophetic tone with which these wonders were announced; and as curiosity was his leading passion, and as the culprits could not escape him, he determined to send the Princess and Yemaleddin to prison; resolving to do himself ample justice, when the fatal term should expire, if he were deceived by any false prophecy.

Years roll away, months fly, but days evaporate. The Caliph having heard the relation of many extraordinary events, and even having seen many, had become credulous about several points, and therefore every minute expected the appearance of those wonders, which had been announced with so much confidence by Yemaleddin.

Twenty-seven days had now elapsed, without any extraordinary occurrence. "If marvels," said the Caliph to himself, "will not come to seek me in my palace, I must go and search for them in the streets

of Bagdad, without having any witnesses of my adventures."

He disguised himself in the most whimsical manner. He put on his head a coarse turban; his dress was a buff doublet, almost covered over with a girdle of leather; underneath he wore a short robe of common cloth; and a pair of half boots of thick leather completed this grotesque and antiquated figure. He armed himself with a long sword of Damascus steel, mounted with wood; in his hand he took a bow and arrows; and having stained his face, blackened his eyebrows, and made his beard stand up like bristles, he sallied forth from his palace, like an Arab of the desert, a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold hung from his girdle.

He had scarce traversed two streets, when he saw a man come out of a kan*, who said, with a loud voice, "Behold a wonder!" He approached the stranger: "What is this wonder?" said he. "It is," replied the stranger, "an old woman, who appears to be in extreme poverty; and since morning she has read the Koran as fluently and correctly as it was dictated to the prophet; and nobody, though she has repeatedly asked, has given her alms; and this has happened in a country of true believers. Can there be any thing more wonderful?"

The Caliph entered the kan, and saw the old woman: she was sitting on a stone bench, and read the Koran with singular facility. She was in the last

* An inn for the reception of merchants and strangers.

chapter ; he stopped to hear her ; she was encompassed by a crowd, who gave her nothing. When she had finished the chapter, she closed the book, rose up, and departed.

Haroun followed her, with an intention to give her something ; but as there was a crowd between them, before he could reach her, he saw her enter a merchant's shop. Curious to know who this woman was, and what business she could have in that shop, (for, from her wretched appearance, he could not suppose that she was going to make any purchase) he followed her, and saw that she was in conversation with the master of the shop. He approached, without being perceived, and heard her say to the merchant, " Young man, you are not yet married. Would you wish for a beautiful wife ? " " Certainly," said the merchant. " Then follow me," continued the old woman, " and you shall see one of the greatest wonders in nature."

When the Caliph heard her proposal, he interpreted it according to his manner. " Ah, cursed hag!" said he to himself, " I should have taken you for a saint, and you are an instrument of seduction ! I shall not give you the alms I intended ; but I shall follow you, and see what means you employ for the destruction of youth. I left my palace in search of miracles ; I shall now see that miracle of beauty which you have praised so highly." He followed the old woman and the merchant : she opened a door, which she hastily closed again, as soon as she had admitted the young man.

Haroun Alraschid would have lost his labour, if the key-hole, to which he put his eye, had not been very large. He saw the merchant standing, and alone; soon after he beheld the old woman come out of a closet, leading by the hand a young person of the most dazzling beauty; she was stately as the palm tree, which is planted by the river of Damascus; her dark eyes shed a soft splendor, like that of the morning star; her eyebrow was a bow, which threatened to discharge deadly arrows at every beholder: her mouth was the ring of Solomon, on which the ineffable name is written; the vermilion of her lips effaced the brilliancy of coral; her teeth were beautifully even, white as alabaster, and covered with an enamel brighter than pearl; and the few words which she spoke were sweeter than the honey of Palestine. Her breath perfumed the air; her breasts were whiter than lilies, and rounder and firmer than pomegranates. In a word, she was above all praise; and an angelic modesty crowned her perfections. The Caliph was enchanted with her appearance, but he observed with pain that she had scarcely clothes to cover her.

When the damsel perceived that her mother had exposed her to the eye of the merchant, she was covered with shame, and looked, if possible, more beautiful. She hastily withdrew into the closet from whence she came, crying, "Ah! mother, what have you done? You have shewed me to this man! You have done what God has forbidden."

“ Comfort yourself,” said her mother ; “ nothing can be evil, where the intention is good ; a man may see for once the person whom he desires ; if destiny unites them, all is well ; if not, they meet no more, and no mischief can ensue.”

The young beauty having retired, the Caliph applied his ear instead of his eye to the key-hole ; and having heard the conversation of the old woman, began to entertain a better opinion of her. “ This poor person,” said he, “ has a lovely young daughter to marry, and the only means she has to procure her a husband, is to expose her to view.”

While the Caliph was reasoning in this manner, the mother addressed herself to the young merchant. “ I promised you a wonder,” said she, “ and I have not deceived you. She is as good as she is beautiful : will she not suit you ?”

“ Perfectly well,” replied the merchant. “ Nothing remains to be done, but to know what you demand for the contract and the dowry.”

“ Four thousand sequins for each,” said the mother. “ Madam,” replied the merchant, “ I should be reduced to beggary ! besides, I have but four thousand sequins in the world. I shall, however, give you two thousand, and then I shall have two thousand left to carry on trade, and to maintain my wife. I can make no greater offer.”

“ By the name of God, which is written on the forehead of the prophet,” said the woman, “ I must have the eight thousand sequins ; if one is wanting, you shall not touch a hair of my daughter.”

"I consider myself unhappy to have seen her," replied he; "but what you demand is impossible." He bowed, and retired.

One suitor withdrew, and another presented himself; it was the Caliph. The fair one whom he had just seen, surpassed in beauty the Princess of Persia, whom, according to the law, he had not yet espoused, whom he had left to languish in prison, whilst he waited the event of Yemaleddin's prophecy, on which depended the fate both of the Princess and the Hazeb.

Haroun entered, and saluted the old woman.— "What do you want?" demanded she. "I come to you, Madam," said the Caliph, "on the part of the young merchant, to whom you wished to give your daughter; he has desired me to inform you that he gives up all pretensions to her." "We know that already," replied the old woman; "he departed from hence, and is to return no more."

"Well," rejoined the Caliph, "give her to me, and you shall have the eight thousand sequins, and whatever you may wish for besides."

The old woman examined the Caliph from head to foot. "Robber!" said she, "for you have certainly the appearance of one, do you propose to plunder the caravan of Mecca, to get me eight thousand sequins, and what clothes and furniture I may want beside? You have hardly a rag to cover you! Out, varlet! or I shall call in the officers of justice."

"It is none of your business," said the Caliph, "whether I am a robber or not; I shall pay down

the eight thousand sequins, and give you a suitable present." "Villain!" said she, "do you mock me? But there is justice to be had in Bagdad; you shall not make a laughing-stock with impunity of a poor defenceless woman: I take you at your word; and if you do not make it good, the Commander of the Faithful shall have you strangled this very night."

"I accept your conditions, and am ready to sign them," said the Caliph; "I espouse your daughter, and you shall see that I am a man of my word." The woman then admitted him into the chamber; he sat down, and said to her, "Secure yourself against me during your absence, lock up your daughter; go to such a Cadi; he lives not far off; tell him, that one, by name *Il Boudocani*, desires him to come here directly."

"And do you think," said the woman, "that the Cadi will come here for one of your appearance? If you are rich, so much the worse for you; you have certainly got your money badly; you are surely nothing more than a cut-throat; and do you think that a Cadi will stir for you? The Caliph smiled; "Go, Madam," said he; "give yourself no trouble; only tell the Cadi to come, and bring with him papers and pens."

When the old woman arrived at the Cadi's house, he was sitting in an apartment, with many nobles of the city. She hesitated to go in, withheld by shame, the common attendant on poverty. She then reasoned with herself; "If I do not go in, I do nothing: I should at least endeavour to know who this man is,

who wishes to be my son-in-law, were it only to get quit of him: I shall advance, and hazard every thing." She moved toward the door of the chamber, and then ran back with precipitation, fearing lest some false step might ruin her for ever. She thrust in half her head; and then hastily withdrew it in the utmost terror.

The Cadi at last observed a head, which went and came, which appeared, and then vanished. He desired one of his officers to see what it was. The old woman was brought to him. "What business have you with me?" said the Judge. "My Lord," answered she, "there is a young man at my house, who desires you to come to him."

"What say you, insolent old woman!" rejoined the Cadi. "A man desires me to come to him!" at the same time, he turned to his officers; "let this mad woman be tied," said he, "and sent to the hospital of fools."

"Mercy!" cried the old woman, when she had heard the order of the Cadi. "Ah! this cursed robber sent me here for my destruction! Ah! my Lord," said she to the Cadi, "I am but a poor woman; there is a robber, a thief, a villain, at my house, who obliged me to take this step: he wishes to marry my daughter; he says that you know him, and that his name is *Il Bondocani**.

* When the Caliph went out in disguise, he used a watchword that was known by the principal officers.

When the Cadi heard this word pronounced, "Give me my faragi *," cried he; "Set this woman at liberty. My good woman," said he, softening his voice, "you say that the young man, who sent you, calls himself"—

"O, my Lord," answered the old woman, "do not desire me to repeat his name: it makes me tremble like a leaf; he must be some great knave, some head of a gang of robbers. But since I must do it, he calls himself *Il Bondocani*."

The Cadi was now satisfied that it was the Caliph in person. He wrapped himself up in his faragi. "Madam," said he to the old woman, "I beg a thousand pardons for my mistake, and the sharpness with which I spoke to you. Is it at your house that I am expected?" "Yes, my Lord." "Do me the pleasure to conduct me there," rejoined the Cadi.

The spectators, as well as the old woman, were astonished at the powerful magic of the word *Il Bondocani*. As she was conducting the Cadi to her house, she began to change her opinion about her future son-in-law. "He must be at the head of a formidable band of robbers," thought she, "since his very name strikes terror into the Cadi. The chief magistrate of the city covers himself with his robe of ceremony, and flies, without his slippers, at the dreadful sound! I, who was going to be shut up in an hospital, am now treated with respect!"

* The robe of ceremony, worn by the Cadies.

Employed in such reflections as these, the old woman reached her house; the Cadi, who followed her, entered, and knew the Commander of the Faithful. He was going to prostrate himself, when he was prevented by a signal from the Caliph.

Then, after the ordinary salutation, the magistrate sat down beside *Il Bondocani*, who said to him, "I wish, My Lord, to have the daughter of this old woman for my wife." The mother and daughter appeared, and the Cadi asked them, if they accepted the proposal of *Il Bondocani*; and he addressed himself particularly to the daughter, to know, if she wished him for her husband. They both answered in the affirmative. The Cadi then demanded what they required for the contract and dowry. "four thousand sequins, for the one, and four thousand for the other," replied the old woman. "Do you, *Il Bondocani*," said the Cadi, "agree to this?" "Yes, my Lord," replied Haroun. "You may draw up our contract."

The Cadi was much embarrassed to obey the Commander of the Faithful. He had forgotten to bring paper along with him for the contract, so that he was obliged to write it on the bottom of his *faragi*.

After having written the first lines of the register, he addressed himself to the old woman. "Madam, I must know the name of the father and grandfather of your daughter."

“ Were the father and grandfather of my daughter alive, I should not be obliged to give her to a man, of whom I dare not say what I think,” cried the old woman, in a piteous tone of voice.

“ All in good time, Madam,” said the Cadi; “ but though they are no longer in the land of the living, yet their names are requisite here.” “ My daughter,” replied the old woman, “ is called Zutulbé, and I Lelamain. Nothing more shall transpire from me. It is not necessary that the wife of a robber should be of noble blood.”

It may be easily conceived how much the Caliph laughed at this ridiculous scene. The contract was, however, at length drawn up; the man of law cut off the piece of his garment, on which it had been written, and delivered it to the young woman.— But being ashamed to go out with his robe so curtailed, he took it off, and gave it to the old woman, desiring her to dispose of it in alms to the poor.— His presence being no longer necessary, he bowed and retired.

“ Certainly,” said the old woman to her new son-in-law, “ you have this Cadi in complete subjection. How terrible must the leader of a gang of robbers be! This poor man ran here without his slippers; he returns half naked without his robe; besides, he has got nothing for the contract. Are all you robbers equally avaricious?”

“ My good mother,” replied the Caliph, “ all this is of no consequence to you. More essential matters are to be settled between you and me. I am

going to bring the dowry, and clothes for my wife : you shall see whether I am avaricious or not."

"What unfortunate person are you going to rob to-night," said the old woman, "to supply your generosity? How will he be surprized in the morning, to find himself plundered, without knowing by whom, for I suppose, in a town like this, you steal in silence."

Haroun, without answering, returned to the palace, and having cloathed himself in his royal robes, sent for his architect, and ordered him to decorate the house of Lelamain in the most splendid manner : "The Grand Vizir," said he, "will furnish you with every requisite ; all things must be finished before sunset ; but my name and rank must be kept a profound secret ; and should Lelamain make any inquiry, tell her that every thing has been ordered by her son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*."

The architect answered, "I shall obey the Commander of the Faithful." The house of Lelamain was instantly filled with workmen, with furniture, with tapestry, and with stuffs ; the joiner's work was of aloes-wood, and the walls were covered with most exquisite pictures. The old woman naturally asked, by whose direction all this was done ; "By the order of your son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*," said the workmen.

Next arrived a man, followed by porters, who laid down a steel coffer, damasked with gold.— "What bring you here?" said the old woman. "The dowry of the bride," answered the man :

“ you will find in this coffer eight thousand sequins of gold, and two thousand more for your own expence; here is the key.”

“ Well,” replied Lelamain, “ my son-in-law is a man of his word. But who is he ?” “ That I cannot tell you,” said the messenger; I only know that he is called *Il Bondocani*.”

By sunset, the house of Lelamain was completed in the highest style of magnificence: then several porters came loaded with rich stuffs for the bride, and one of them informed the old woman, that *Il Bondocani* would be there that night at eleven of the clock

“ At eleven,” said Lelamain; “ robbers never stir abroad, till the rest of the world is asleep.”— Having made this trifling observation; she called in some of her neighbours to assist her in arranging the furniture, and in dressing the bride, whose beauty was so exquisite, that it derived little advantage from art. Nothing could equal the astonishment of the friends of Lelamain, to see her wretched house changed into a superb palace. Every thing had the appearance of enchantment.

They were interrupted by a loud rapping at the door. A most delicious repast was brought in, consisting of whatever was rare and delicate. This was followed by a dessert of the choicest fruits, and sweetmeats, accompanied by the richest wines; and the whole was served up in dishes of gold and porcelain.

The neighbours of Lelamain gazed with astonishment at each other, and began seriously to believe that the bridegroom must be a captain of a gang of robbers. However they sat down to table, and ate with a very good appetite, having first set apart whatever was most nice for the supper of the new-married pair.

When the banquet was ended, they went away, wishing all happiness both to the mother and daughter; they then dispersed into all quarters of the city, to publish the news that the beautiful daughter of Lelamain was married to an Arab of the Desert, who was the chief of a gang of robbers. That it was done in broad day, without any secrecy; that the house was full of wealth, and enriched at least with the plunder of ten caravans.

The young merchant, to whom Lelamain had offered her daughter, had fallen in love with her. He was piqued that a robber should be preferred before him; he determined to destroy his rival, regain the object of his wishes, and get a part of the confiscated wealth of the robber. Thus impelled by jealousy, love, and avarice, he went to the Judge of the Police, and having first gained his attention by a bribe, he told of the immense wealth, which the thief had sent into the House of Lelamain.

This Magistrate, who was a very covetous man, affected to hear the story with indifference; then taking time to consider, and assuming an air of gravity suitable to his station, "Go," said he, "return here at ten o'clock; that will be supper time, and

the most favourable moment to seize the robber. He shall be strangled; you shall have the young girl; and the old woman shall be bastinadoed for having given you such a competitor. But nothing must transpire." The young man retired, and returned at the appointed hour. The Judge mounted on horseback, and followed by three hundred of his attendants, proceeded to the house of Lelamain, where she and her daughter were expecting the bridegroom. The chamber was illuminated by many flambeaux, placed in sconces of gold. A loud noise was heard; Lelamain looked through a window, and saw by torch-light the Judge of the Police, attended by a numerous detachment.

The officers of the Judge of the Police now thundered at the door, headed by Chamama, who was a servant fit for such a master; as cruel and relentless, as the Judge was avaricious and corrupt. But the violence of Chamama was restrained by the sweetness of temper and beneficence of Hazen, who was second in command to the Judge. Hazen remonstrated against the intemperance of Chamama:—"This house," said he, "was never suspected to be a retreat for robbers; the merchant, blinded by jealousy, may have given wrong information; the asylum of women is, by the law, sacred; perhaps we may incur the resentment of the Commander of the Faithful."

Lelamain listened to what passed. "Ah!" said she, running to her daughter, "we are completely unfortunate; the Judge comes to seize the robber."

"Keep the door shut, mother," said the young woman; "perhaps God may send us succour, to extricate us from this difficulty."

Mean time, the Judge and his people continued to beat against the door. The old woman persevered in not opening it, notwithstanding the threats and invectives of the execrable Chamama.

The Caliph had now resumed his dress of a wild Arab, and came to visit his bride. He was astonished at the light of the torches, and of the multitude of guards, which surrounded the house of Lelamain; he slipped into the crowd, and soon perceived the Judge of the Police, and along with him the young merchant.

Chamama still continued to storm at the door, and to each stroke added an imprecation. He threatened the bastinado, ropes, and fire. He called for engines to force open the door; and the orders of this monster of iniquity were only prevented from being put into immediate execution by the remonstrances of the humane Hazen.

"Infamous Chamama!" said the Caliph to himself, "you shall pay dearly for your conduct and morality. I shall make a striking example of you." Haroun now began to consider how he might get unperceived into the house of Lelamain: it stood contiguous to the gardens of the palace of Ilamir Youmis, the chief amongst the Princes and nobles of Bagdad, but a man of a cruel and sanguinary disposition. The door of this palace was illuminated

by a multitude of torches, and a black eunuch was sitting there on a sofa of marble.

The eunuch seeing the Caliph enter, rose, and drew his sabre; the Commander of the Faithful likewise drew his. "Ah! cursed negroe," said he. "Villain! monster! you are always ready to murder, even before you speak!"

The voice and the sabre of the Caliph, so terrified the eunuch, that he fled for protection to his master. The indignation of Ilamir Youmis was roused; "whoever insults my slave," said he, "insults me; his life shall pay the forfeit of the insolence of this bold intruder." He armed himself with his enormous mace of brass, and sallied forth from his chamber. When the Caliph saw the chief of his Emirs, "O, Youmis," said he, "is this your palace?" As soon as the chief of the Emirs knew the voice of Haroun, he prostrated himself before him; "Commander of the Faithful, your slave is at your feet, and awaits your orders."

"Do you deserve to receive my orders," said the Caliph; "thou man without a soul; thou minister without vigilance! a poor widow is distressed in your neighbourhood by the Judge of the Police, and his ruffians, whilst you are slumbering in the arms of your women."

"Commander of the Faithful," said Youmis, "this wrong has been committed without my knowledge: if you permit me, I shall go and punish those disturbers of the public peace." "No more of your ill-timed parade of zeal and courage," rejoined

ed the Caliph ; “ the house I mentioned joins your garden wall ; get two ladders directly.”

Youmis obeyed : and by the assistance of the ladders, the Caliph gained the terrace of the house of Lelamain : Youmis followed him ; “ stop there,” said Haroun, “ till I call you.” He approached a window that looked into the bridal chamber, which, by the industry of his architect, had become a terrestrial paradise. The lustres and girandoles, full of lights, emulated the day. His bride, most splendidly dressed, surpassed all description : she was the sun rising above the horizon, in an unclouded sky. Her forehead was covered with a dew like pearls, and the tears streaming from her beautiful eyes, were manna of the most exquisite perfume. The moon, in her fourteenth day, never shone forth with lustre so vivid and serene. The Caliph was lost in silent ecstasy.

He was at length roused from his dream of delight, by the exclamations of Lelamain—“ Oh ! my daughter, they will break the door in pieces ! Those tygers will devour us poor women, who have none but God to assist us. What fatality has connected us with this robber, to give a completion to our misfortunes !”

“ Mother,” said the daughter, “ you distress me much, when you consider my husband as a robber. I know not who he is ; but by your consent I am united to him in the sight of God, and therefore every reproach which is cast on him, wounds me.”

It may easily be conceived how pleasing these words were to the Caliph ; they were like softest music to his ear.

“ God be praised, my child,” said Lelamain, “ that you are satisfied with your lot. There are some points about your husband that I do not dislike. Would I were a bird, that I might fly and tell him not to come this evening ; if he appears, he is a dead man.”

The Caliph, to put an end to this conversation, threw a little stone, and put out one of the wax candles which was near the old woman. Lelamain lighted it again ; a second stone then extinguished the candle which had lighted the first. The good woman then took a third to re-kindle that : “ There must be some wind,” said she ; “ or the spirit of the air amuses himself to blow out the candles.” While she spoke, Haroun let some gravel fall on her hand ; she looked toward the window, and perceived the Caliph. “ Daughter,” said she, “ here is your husband ; he travels the same road that all his fraternity does ; I never knew a robber enter at the door.” Then addressing herself to him, “ Return from whence you came ; no good can betide you here : a set of thieves has surrounded the house ; they do not belong to your gang, and you will get no quarter.”

While Lelamain was speaking, the Caliph took off his boots, his mantle, and girdle ; he made them up into a parcel, into which he put his bow and arrows, and darted into the chamber like a bird. He

saluted the mother with affection, and embraced the daughter with tenderness.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lelamain, who in vain exhorted the Caliph to fly, he calmly sat down to supper with his spouse and her mother, who was astonished at his intrepidity. "He is a very devil!" said she to herself; "he fears three hundred men no more than I should a flea. Notwithstanding his profession, I conceive a woman might love a robber; they are as active as goats, and as stout as lions."

While the Caliph, after supper, was gazing on his lovely spouse, and listening to the whimsical conversation of her mother, the noise increased at the door, and the voice of the formidable Chamama became a hurricane. "Well, I believe," said Haroun to Lelamain, "it is bed-time; and since the concert is not of the pleasantest kind, it will not be amiss to discharge the performers. Take this ring; tell them, through the key-hole, that your son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*, is here, and has sent his ring to be put into the Judge's own hand, that he may see what is to be done."

"I go," said the old woman; "I remember there is magic in the name; it makes men immovable like statues."

While Lelamain was executing her commission, the Caliph mounted again on the terrace; he spoke to Youmis, who was waiting for his commands:—"Take my sabre; descend into the street by the assistance of your ladder, and if any violence is com-

mitted, strike off the head of the offender. As soon as my ring, which I have sent, shall have dispersed the crowd, displace the Judge; let him be confined in your house, put Hazen in his place, and invest him with the robes of magistracy. As to Chamama, and those who have been guilty of great enormity, let them be put in irons till to-morrow, and then punished as their crimes deserve."

After this conversation with Youmis, the Caliph returned into the chamber, and the Chief of the Emirs hastened to execute the commands he had received.

It is easier to conceive than express the terror which seized the Judge of the Police, when he saw the ring of Haroun; all was fear and confusion through his attendants; and Chamama himself fell prostrate in the dust, when he found that *Il Bondocani* and the Caliph were the same.

The good Lelamain beheld the effects produced by her son-in-law's name and ring, with a mixture of joy and surprise; and on her return, she recited to the Caliph the whole of the adventure, in her fantastic manner. Haroun now wished to be left alone with his charming Zutulbé. The old woman drew the curtains round them. "May God and his holy prophet bless you," said she; "it is a marriage, such as it is; for my part, I have nothing more to do than to put out the wax-lights."

Whilst the Caliph was entranced in the delights of love, Youmis was executing his orders with punctuality. He had invested Hazen with the robe of the

deposed Judge, whom, with Chamama and four of his accomplices, he confined in his court-yard till day-break. The Judge was then led to prison. Chamama was conducted to the next street, and expired under the bastinado. His four companions having been treated in the same manner, were carried to a dungeon almost dead. A handbill thus expressed their crime: "*Officers of Justice, who have been guilty of oppression and double dealing in their department.*"

The day had far advanced, when Haroun left the embraces of Zutulbé, and an elegant collation was prepared by Lelamain. "God grant," said the old woman, "that our misfortunes may end here; we are wretched and miserable, after having lived in affluence and splendor." "How!" said the Caliph, "you have had wealth? and who has deprived you of it?" "Misfortune and injustice," answered Lelamain.

"And has that happened to you in Bagdad?" replied the Caliph, with much anxiety.

"Yes," said the old woman; "for we have never been out of it."—"It has not been," answered the Caliph, "under the reign of Haroun Alraschid?"

"Has he not reigned more than a month?" said Lelamain. "Yes," said Haroun; "but it is said that he prevents every sort of injustice."—"True," said Lelamain, "he punishes the crimes of others, but he winks at his own."

"You astonish me," said the Caliph; "let me know your story."

Lelamain then detailed to Haroun both the merits and misfortunes of her son Yemaleddin. "He was erect," said she, "as the reed of the Nile, and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon, which is visited by the Devotee ; he was meek as the lamb, and candid as the dove ; he was an eagle for vigilance, and a squirrel for activity. Ah, my poor Yemaleddin ! the sentence of death was pronounced against thee for a glass of water, by him who had drank thirty glasses of wine too much."

The Caliph now began to feel that he had committed a wrong. He endeavoured to gain the approbation of his own conscience, and to exculpate himself to his mother-in-law ; but his efforts were ineffectual.

"Well," said Haroun, "no essential mischief has been done ; your son is still alive ; I shall hasten to the palace ; I have interest there ; I promise you, that this day you shall clasp your son within your arms."

Lelamain gave no faith to the promise of her son-in-law. Both she and Zutulbé besought him not to expose his life by going to the palace. "Leave us not, we conjure you, by the name of God, which is engraved on the plate of gold that adorns the forehead of the high priest of the Jews." Haroun assured them of his safety : he departed, and by a private way gained the palace.

The Caliph having scrutinized into his conduct, found that it merited censure in the extreme. He was cloathed in his royal robes, and seated on his

throne ; his Vizirs and nobles were prostrated before him.

"Rise," said he, "it is my command. Let the Hazeb Yemaleddin be brought from prison ; let him be attired in the most sumptuous dress. I have got the fullest proofs of his innocence ; he deserves honour instead of chastisement."

The commands of Haroun were obeyed, and Yemaleddin appeared at the foot of the throne. The Caliph covered him with a cloak lined with the richest ermine, and appointed him Chief of the Emirs of the Empire. "Go," said he, "and comfort your mother." Yemaleddin hastened to discharge so agreeable a duty.

Giafar and Mesrour re-conducted the Princess of Persia to her apartment. Haroun had offended her too much, to appear before her. His two confidants were desired to inform her, that she recovered her liberty ; that she might remain in the palace all her life, either as the wife or daughter of the Caliph, and enjoy all the honours annexed to such exalted rank.

Though the Princess of Persia had consented to give her hand to Haroun, yet her heart was at liberty. She was pleased with the proposition which had been made to her. "You see," said she to Giafar and Mesrour, "an obedient daughter, full of gratitude and respect to the Commander of the Faithful."

Haroun was charmed with the manner in which his proposal had been received, and immediately

formed a plan of marrying his adopted daughter with the new Chief of the Emirs.

Yemaleddin was received with open arms by his mother and sister ; and after the first effusions of joy were over, Lelamain related to him the extraordinary adventures which had happened since his imprisonment.

The new Chief of the Emirs was astonished at the recital of his mother ; but indignation was the predominant passion—that his sister should be married to a robber ! to a wild Arab of the Desert ! “ I swear,” cried he, “ by the Cadba *, if your thief comes here, I shall treat him as he deserves.” He put his hand on the hilt of his sabre ; his eyes sparkling with rage, terrified the tender and timid Zutulbé.

“ What a misfortune,” said the mother, “ that the Caliph did not do you justice a day sooner ! then I should not have been compelled to marry your sister to the robber *Il Bondocani*.” “ What name do you say, mother ?” replied Yemaleddin, with an air of anxiety.

“ The name of my son-in-law,” rejoined Lelamain, “ *Il Bondocani* ; *Il Bondocani*. Have I not said it ?”

“ Is it he, mother, who has espoused my sister ?”
“ If you are not satisfied, son, with what I have said, read the contract—here it is : “ *Marriage article between Zutulbé, daughter of the widow Lelamain, and*

* The famous temple at Mecca.

Il Bondocani." At the sight of the contract, Yemaleddin prostrated himself on the earth, and Lelamain burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Ah! ah! my hero!" said she, "you are humbled in the dust, like other people! Where is your sabre now! Oh! the glorious name! the name of my son-in-law. I am happy to know it. I shall attack the caravan of Mecca; I shall repeat aloud the name of my son-in-law; and I shall have India, Armenia, Persia, Egypt, and Romelia, to bow the knee! I shall not leave them a single camel. But you have still your nose on the ground: rise, my fallen lion! rise at the name of my son-in-law; I command you to rise at the name *Il Bondocani.*"

"Yes, mother," said Yemaleddin, "I shall rise at that name, which all the earth must respect and adore! I shall rise at the name of the Prince of Princes, the King of Kings, the sage and magnanimous Haroun Alrafchid! for your son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*, is the Caliph himself!"

The confusion of Lelamain may be easily guessed, when she reflected how she had abused Haroun to his face. Mesrour now appeared, and announced the arrival of the Commander of the Faithful. Lelamain was going to hide herself; but she was prevented by her son and daughter.

Haroun now appeared, arrayed in all the splendor of majesty. Lelamain, Yemaleddin, and Zutulbé, fell prostrate before him; but they were raised from the ground by their tender and benevolent sovereign. He spoke to Lelamain and Zutulbé in the kindest

manner, and ordered them to be conveyed to the palace in a superb litter, whilst he followed on horseback, between Giafar and Yemaleddin, who was that day married to the Princess of Persia.

The happiness of Lelamain was now complete: she no longer read the Koran at the door of the mosque, or asked alms from the deaf. Had one person heard her, nobody would have cried a wonder! and if nobody had cried a wonder, the Caliph would not have seen that most ravishing of all wonders, Zutulbé; Yemaleddin had been a false prophet.

It must be allowed, that the stars direct events by threads so fine, that they are imperceptible to the eyes of weak mortals.

Here Scheherazade stopped. "You have finished, sister," said Dinarzade; "I cannot tell you the pleasure you have given me, when you described the Caliph in love, and leaping through the window. The sequel of the story is charming." "I am happy," replied the fair Sultaneſs, "that the youthful exploits of this renowned Prince have afforded you some amusement; but I should wish to shew him, when employed in more serious affairs; when he put his favourite Minister to very extraordinary trials; and I think there he will not appear to less advantage."

Dinarzade smiled with the hope of hearing a new story; Schariar said he would listen with pleasure; and Scheherazade began in the following manner:

*The Power of Destiny; or the History of the Journey of
GIAFAR to DAMASCUS; containing the Adventures
of CHEBIB and his Family.*

GIAFAR, the Grand Vizir of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, seemed to possess the friendship and confidence of his master. The sunshine of his prosperity appeared to be clouded for a season, and Arabia trembled for the race of the Barmecides, of which Giafar was the head.

It was in the month of Ramadan. The Caliph was an exact observer of the fast; yet wishing to avoid the languor it occasioned, retired into his archives, followed by Giafar and Mefrour, the chief of his eunuchs. He ordered Giafar to open the press, which contained his most precious manuscripts, and to give him the first that came to hand.

This happened to be the Giaffar*, a work, whose fame is spread through Arabia; it cannot be understood without calculation, but it contains certain prognostics of future events. Haroun opened it, and read a few pages. He first burst into a loud fit of laughter; a moment afterwards his visage was clouded with sorrow; he then shed tears; again, his countenance seemed to brighten with satisfaction. The Vizir observed these different emotions, and presumed to ask his sovereign the cause. The Ca-

* It is said to be in the King's library at Paris.

liph instantly laid aside the book, and addressed Giafar in a harsh and severe manner :

“ Depart from my presence, and find an answer to the question you have proposed to me : your head is forfeited, if you appear before me till you have got an explanation.”

Giafar was thunder-struck with the rigor of the command, and the tone of voice with which it was pronounced, and retired to his house, full of trouble and dismay. “ The Caliph exacts,” said he, “ impossibilities, and my life must be the sacrifice.”

A splendid repast was served up, but it was removed without being touched. Sleep was a stranger to his pillow, and the chief of the Barmecides was overwhelmed with a profound melancholy. His beloved Fatmé, who was united to him by the double ties of blood and marriage, endeavoured, but in vain, to explore the secret spring of his affliction.

Three days had passed away in this distressing situation, when Hichia Barmekir, his father, returned from the country, where he had passed some days. Fatmé informed him of the Vizir’s melancholy : Hichia asked Giafar the cause ; and paternal sollicitations, at length, prevailed.

“ Be calm, my son,” said the old man, who was full of years and experience ; “ the decrees of the Almighty must be fulfilled. The Caliph has read in the Giaffar, a work composed by one of our ancestors, some prediction, in which you are concerned. The event will furnish you with the answer that is demanded of you. Your destiny requires you to

leave Bagdad ; take the road to Damascus, unknown, and without attendants: there you shall behold wonders, which will of themselves explain to you the important secret, which is so necessary for your happiness and welfare."

Giafar had the utmost confidence in the wisdom of his father ; he took leave of him and Fatmé, and having disguised himself, and mounted an excellent mule, he privately departed for Damascus.

There lived at this time, in the capital of Syria, a man named Chebib. He was rich, affable, generous, and humane ; he treated strangers with a boundless hospitality. Alms were distributed at his door every day ; when he went out, it was to succour the afflicted, and his house was the asylum of the unfortunate. He said the five daily prayers, which are ordered by the prophet ; he fasted during the month of Ramadan. In a word, he was a true Mussulman.

Such was Xakem-Tai-Chebib, whose eminent virtues and generosity flourished at Damascus, with the rich splendor of the Tuberose: the odour of his reputation was wafted to the remotest corners of the earth.

Chebib had a beautiful garden without the walls of the city, where he was entertaining several of his friends, when Giafar passed by, absorbed in thought. A slave, elegantly attired, came up, and addressed him in the following manner:

" Sir, your appearance bespeaks you a stranger ; it is noon, the hour of dinner is at hand ; the city is

still at some distance, and your beast appears to be fatigued. Chebib, my Lord and master, requests that you will take shelter with him from the scorching heat of the sun; he will consider it as a singular favour from heaven to be able to serve you in any shape."

An invitation so gracious, and made to a man of Giafar's appearance, struck him with surprize; it appeared to him a commencement of those wonders, which had been predicted by his father. As he came in search of adventures, he complied with the request of Chebib.

A magnificent banquet was served up; the company consisted of the principal people of Damascus. The attention paid to Giafar astonished every body; he had the most distinguished place at the table; the plates set before him were of gold; and the towel, with which he dried his hands, had a rich fringe. All this respect was paid to a stranger of no very striking appearance, and who had come there by accident.

After dinner, Chebib took his guest aside. "You seem fatigued," said he, "from your journey; if this retreat is agreeable to you, consider it as your own; if you chuse to proceed to Damascus, then you will find a house prepared for you, and where you are to be master."

Giafar expressed his wish to see Damascus. Chebib having disengaged himself from his other guests, conducted him there, and lodged him in the most sumptuous apartment of his house.

The Prince of the Barmecides admired the hospitality of his noble and generous host; he found that his understanding, improved by study and experience, was only surpassed by the candour and goodness of his soul. He was, however, astonished, that a man in the prime of life, and the possessor of so much wealth, should continue, as he appeared to be, unmarried. He, therefore, asked him in a delicate manner, if he were not a single man?

“What makes you suppose that I am?” said Chebib. “The manner in which you have entertained me,” replied the Vizir; “the silence which reigns in your house at the approach of night; and some days have passed since I have seen none but you and me.”

“How could I otherwise,” rejoined Chebib, “pay suitable attention to such a guest as you; a guest, whom I should wish to lodge, not only in my house, but in my heart.”

The chief of the Barmecides, notwithstanding the attentions of his illustrious guest, still shewed marks of chagrin in his countenance, Chebib desired to know the cause.

The Vizir knowing that he was worthy of his confidence, “Noble Chebib,” said he, “behold the unfortunate Giafar, banished from the presence of the Commander of the Faithful.”

“Though I had never seen you, great Prince,” answered Chebib, “Yet I knew you perfectly well. I expected you at my country house, when

you appeared." "How could that be possible," rejoined the Barmecide.

"I must confess," answered Chebib, "That I was instructed in an extraordinary manner; I have an invaluable book in my library, written by one of your ancestors; it is called the Giaffar; it is to be opened but at certain times. Having taken up the second volume, I found three letters, G, B, and V. These are the initials of your name. Then I observed the numbers, which correspond with those letters, and I found by calculation, that Giafar, Barmecide, and Vizir, was by destiny summoned to Damascus, that he was to finish several important adventures; that he was to arrive solitary, disguised, unknown, and at a certain hour. I then hastened to my country house, to prepare every thing suitable to the rank and merit of the first of the Barmecides."

"Oh! Chebib," said the Vizir, "That book, called the Giaffar, has been the cause of my disgrace, and of my journey here." He then detailed to his host the whole of his extraordinary adventure.

Chebib possessed an infinite fund both of good sense, and good nature; his friendly and judicious exhortations brightened up the hopes of the Barmecide, and made his passions subside into a calm.—He began to enjoy the delights of Damascus. One day he went to the public baths, another day to the great mosque; one day he rode through the city on horseback, another day he made an excursion into the country.

Notwithstanding those amusements, time began to hang heavy on his hands. Chebib perceived it, and the Vizir acknowledged, that having been accustomed to ramble in disguise through Bagdad, he wished to do the same at Damascus. His host acquiesced. Next day the Vizir, alone and disguised, made an excursion through the city.

Having arrived at the great mosque, he performed his ablutions and prayers. Going a little farther, he saw a respectable-looking coffee house, where he entered to take some refreshment.

Five or six persons were collected there at the same time; among whom was a Sage, who, in the middle of a general conversation, said, in a loud and authoritative tone of voice, "The Grand Vizir Giafar must be at Damascus this very instant."

"How do you know that?" said one of the company. "I am," replied he, "reader to Abdalmalic-Ben Merouan, our King. Five-and-twenty days since, I opened, by his order, the Giaffar.—You know that book is to be read but twice in the year, during the feast of Ramadan, and the feast of Haraphat. We found by calculation, that on the seventeenth day of Ramadan, the Barmecide Prince should be here; and the king has prepared a magnificent apartment in the palace for his reception.

Giafar fearing to be known, went to the master of the coffee house to pay him before he went out.—"You owe me nothing," said he to the Vizir, in a low voice; "and that, for three reasons: First, you are a Prince of the ancient and noble tribe of

the Barmecides; secondly, you are the Vizir of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid; and thirdly, you are the guest of Chebib, who is a model of hospitality to the world. The generosity of Chébib is like the rain of heaven to the parched-up ground, and like the shadow of the palm tree to the weary traveller, in the scorching noon. Be not surprized," continued he to the Barmecide, "the Giaffar was the source of my information; from it I learned that you were to dine here to-day."

The Vizir continued to make his excursions in disguise through the city. One day, being fatigued with the heat, he went into a shop where a variety of refreshments was sold; he sat down, and called for a glass of iced laxamas*. Several persons being in the shop, the master took Giafar by the hand, and conducted him into a private apartment.

"My Prince," said he, "you were not in a place suitable to your rank. I know you are the chief of our tribe, the Grand Vizir of the Empire, and the right arm of the Commander of the Faithful."

The confectioner led the Barmecide to a sofa, which was surrounded by vases of Porcelaine, filled with flowers. Three beautiful youths, neatly dressed, approached. "My sons," said the confectioner, "behold your Prince, and mine. His arrival has been foretold by our ancient prophets; serve him with the respect and attention which he merits."

* A liquor extracted from dried raisins; it is mixed with perfumes.

The youths placed a table of sandal wood before the Vizir: one of them kneeled down, and presented to him the laxamas, he had asked for; another filled a small box with perfumes, whose odors mingling with those of the flowers, filled the apartment with fragrance.

Giafar beheld with pleasure those three young shoots of his own tribe; they seemed to consider him as their father, and to solicit his protection: so three slips cut from a branch of the *Thamarena* *, grow round the parent trunk: they are covered with leaves and flowers, which are to adorn the youthful beauties of the East.

Giafar reflected for a moment, with sorrow, on his former fortune. "There was a time," said he, "when I could have been the protector of my tribe! How happy should I have been to have met with this charming family." After this melancholy consideration, he gave to each of the youths fifty pieces of gold, and was going to pay for the laxamas, in the same princely manner.

"You have nothing to pay here," said the confectioner; "the house and the master are your's: we are of your tribe: you are our Prince, our standard, our light, the friend of the great Caliph, and the guest of the generous Chebib, in whose honour so many lamps illuminate the dome of Coabet-il-Nassir †. The first lamp was hung up by Haroun

* A tree with yellow flowers, which are remarkable for their fine perfume.

† A building on a lofty hill near Damascus.

himself, and Princes have followed his example, for Princes have experienced the hospitality of Chebib.

“ Should the moon, whose mild lustre compensates for the absence of the sun, be obscured by an eclipse, or darkened by a transient cloud, the eyes of Damascus are turned toward the Coabet-il Nasser. The numerous lamps supply the place of the star of night, and give an inexhaustible splendor to the generosity of the noble Chebib.”

Giafar was charmed to hear the praise of his magnificent and virtuous host; he saw that his panegyrist was above the rank of a common confectioner; he wished to know how his own residence at Damascus had been made known to him; and he found that the Giaffar had been the source of his information.

The Vizir still continued his excursions through Damascus. One day, chance brought him to the banks of the river, where a poor fisherman had several times cast in his net to no purpose. Disappointment at last wrung from him the following exclamation:

“ What shall become of me? I have a wife, three boys, and four girls; we have no bread; and these two days, I have caught no fish. I have prayed to God and our prophet, but they are far from me. I behold from hence the dome of Coabet-il-Nasser, refulgent with the generosity of the righteous Chebib; I shall therefore once more cast in my net, in the name of him, the reputation of whose goodness is extended to the ends of the earth.”

Having pronounced the name of Chebib with an emphatic tone of voice, the fisherman cast in his net.

Giafar having heard the name of his friend, was all attention to the success of the fisherman, and it was answerable to his most sanguine expectations. Several fish were taken of a superior size and quality.

The Vizir addressed the fisherman: "Who is this Chebib, to whose name such good fortune is annexed?"

"You must be absolutely a stranger on the face of the earth," answered the fisherman, "since the generous Chebib is unknown to you. Even the birds of the air, that have been fed by his hand, have spread the fame of his bounty from climate to climate.

"He is the son of Chebib, and grandson of that Chebib, who assisted the Caliph Omar to conquer Damascus, and afterwards entertained the Caliph and his army for three days.

"Omar, in acknowledgement of his services, built him a magnificent palace at Damascus, and left on one of the pilasters the impression of his victorious hand, which is still an object of veneration to all true Mussulmen. When the Caliph Hadi came to Damascus, he conferred a similar mark of his favor on Chebib; and the present Commander of the Faithful inscribed his name on the marble in letters of gold."

To praise Chebib, was to flatter Giafar. The Vizir now wished to see what efficacy was annexed to his own name; he prevailed with the fisherman

once more to cast in his net, and repeat the words *Gim-Be-Ouaou* *. An abundance of fish was brought up of an uncommon size, and the finest that had ever been taken in the river of Damascus.

When the net was hauled to land, the fisherman pronounced, in a low tone of voice, the name *Gim-Be-Ouaou*. He made the Vizir repeat it again.— He then took his staff, traced some figures on the sand, and made some calculations. His astonishment increased every moment; and when he had finished, he returned to the Barmecide.

“ Nothing more remains,” said he, “ than to draw the river in the name of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid; since I have already cast in my net, in the name of Chebib, and of Giafar, the Prince of the Barmecides, the Vizir of Vizirs, and the right arm of the Commander of the Faithful. *The Prince of the Barmecides*,” continued he, “ must now be at Damascus, and the guest of Chebib.”

Giafar was astonished to find so much information in a person, who was of the lowest class of the people. This philosopher had no library but the firmament, and no tablet but the sand.

They were now to consider what was to be done with the vast quantity of fish they had taken. Giafar recollected the benevolence of Chebib towards every part of animated nature.

“ Brother,” said he to the fisherman, “ I love and admire the generous Chebib, and no person can

* The manner of pronouncing the letters G. B. V. when you spell the Arabic alphabet.

be more interested than I am in the fate of the Prince of the Barmecides. I respect virtue, wherever it is to be found; I am richer than my appearance proclaims; take these two hundred pieces of gold, for the support of your family, and as much of the fish as you chuse; and let the remainder, which was taken in the name of Chebib, and Giafar, be thrown again into the river, in the name of Chebib alone; that the dumb may cease to be silent, and publish the praise of this generous man even in the depth of the waves."

"My Prince," exclaimed the old fisherman, in a transport of joy, "I shall not keep a single fish; I know that you are Giafar; your virtues discover your person; no part of the creation shall be unhappy on a day, that has been so fortunate for me. I shall return all the fish to the element from whence they came."

The Vizir quitted the fisherman with regret. He respected his generosity and knowledge, which appeared so conspicuous in such an humble situation: they parted like old friends.

Giafar continued his walk; he passed by one of the most considerable coffee-houses in Damascus; it was called *Il Manaclië*. An arm of the river crossed it, and watered the garden.

He seated himself on a sofa of marble in the garden; it was at the back of an arbour, covered with vine leaves. The arbour had three openings, and a Dervise entered accidentally at each.

Giafar beheld through the leaves their astonishment; they were perfectly unknown to each other; they bowed, and drank their coffee in silence. Curiosity at length engaged them in conversation; the Barmecide listened with attention.

He found that the eldest Dervise was of a noble family in China; that a dislike to the religion of his country had made him travel at an early period of life; he had seen the absurdity of image worship; of adoring the creature instead of the Creator; that the renown of Chebib had brought him to Damascus; that the exhortations of that excellent man had made him embrace the religion of the prophet; and that he had now returned to the capital of Syria to visit his illustrious friend.

The fame of Chebib had brought the second Dervise from India, and his persuasion had made him forsake the foolish gods of his ancestors. The third Dervise had been born a Mussulman; but he said that he was indebted to Chebib for many excellent lessons of morality, and much valuable information.

The Dervises gave signal instances of the humanity of Chebib; such as proved him to be not only the friend of mankind, but of the whole creation.

The eldest of the Dervises then said, "My brother, the star of Chebib is powerful; but there is a constellation still more potent. We have come at the name of Chebib, but we are assembled here by that of G, B, V, of which I only know the letters I have mentioned. Books lay the foundation for knowledge, but events alone furnish us with solid

instruction. Let us wait with patience for the sequel of our extraordinary meeting."

The Dervises having ended their conversation, rose, and left the garden and the coffee house.

The discourse of the Dervises made a considerable impression on the mind of Giafar; nor could he be displeased to find that his star was lord of ascendant over that of the virtuous Chebib. His pleasure, however, was unminged with arrogance; he had too refined an idea of virtue to be perfectly satisfied with his own merit.

"The star of Chebib," said he, "must be predominant in Heaven, but mine, as I am the Vicegerent of the Caliph, may be more powerful on earth, where crowns and sceptres are not always the attendants on virtue."

One day, as Giafar was returning to the house of Chebib, after a long excursion, he felt himself overcome by the heat of the day; though he was not more than three or four hundred paces from the residence of his host, he sat down on a sofa of marble to take breath.

He was opposite to a magnificent palace, supported by six-and-twenty pillars, and illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, and under each window there was a little garden on a terrace.

While the Vizir was beholding this sumptuous building, a young woman, about sixteen, and of the most dazzling beauty, opened one of the windows.

"Certainly," said he, "it is written that the sun and moon were three times eclipsed for Mahomet;

who was the true star of the earth ; but I now fancy that our writers were deceived ; the luminaries of Heaven were but twice obscured before our prophet ; they are to be darkened for the third time by the ravishing object I behold."

Whilst Giafar was lost in admiration, the young person watered some flowers that seemed to revive at her presence, and thank the beneficent hand which refreshed them. She then shut the window, and disappeared.

The Vizir expected she would have watered the other garden, but he was disappointed. He remained with his mouth half open, his eyes fixed, and his neck extended towards the windows of the palace where he had seen the delightful object of his affections ; and night found him in the same attitude that Alilcaf* had continued in for three hundred years, after he had seen the glorious bird of Paradise, which came to announce to him the arrival of Mahomet.

Giafar would probably have remained there till morning, had he not been waked from his dream by the arrival of Chebib ; who, anxious for the safety of his friend, had sallied out in search of him. The first object he saw was the Vizir, entranced in ecstasy before the four-and-twenty windows. "What do you do here, my brother ?" said Chebib. "I feared that some unfortunate accident had happened to you." "I walked a good deal to-day," answer-

* See the chapter of Alilcaf in the Koran.

ed the Barmecide ; “ and finding myself fatigued, I rested myself on this sofa.”

“ Come with me,” said Chebib, “ you will be more at your ease.” The Vizir with difficulty rose, and followed his friend ; he seemed to be nailed down by enchantment to that spot where he had seen such heavenly beauty. An elegant supper was in vain spread before him : he retired to bed in a profound melancholy, that alarmed his illustrious host.

Giafar passed a sleepless night ; and when Chebib entered his chamber in the morning, he found him with a quick pulse, and other disagreeable symptoms. He was unhappy about his friend ; and immediately ordered his physician to attend, who was a person of much experience.

He examined the breathing and the eyes of his patient ; he took hold of his arm, and felt his pulse several times. After a quarter of an hour’s observation, he asked for pen and paper, and without saying a single word, drew up the prescription, which he put into the hand of Chebib, who read it with anxiety.

The malady of your guest is a violent inflammation : the seat of the disease is in the heart : it has been introduced by the eyes, and can only be cured by the object which has caused the disorder : every other remedy will be ineffectual.

Chebib put the paper into the hand of the Barmecide, who read it with astonishment. The generous Chebib taking advantage of his surprise, addressed him with a smile.

“ My guest, my friend, my brother, why have you had a secret of this nature, and I not acquainted with it? Is it necessary that a Physician should inform me of your malady? Since his aid is unavailing, why do you delay to use mine? Will there be any person more zealous to procure the completion of your happiness? Is it to be had in Damascus, or elsewhere?”

“ Recollect, my dear Chebib,” said Giafar, “ the place where you found me sitting. A young person, beautiful as the Houris of Paradise, came to water some flowers in a little garden on a terrace opposite to the sofa, on which I was reposing. Never have I seen such glorious eyes! Such lustre, tempered by such sweetness! The water with which she sprinkled the flowers was changed into rainbows by their refulgent beams. She smiled like the blush of the morning at the rising of the sun: her arms were exquisitely shaped, and lightly tinged with the Tamerena, whose dust scattered over her beautiful locks, wafted around an exquisite perfume: in a word, her charms could hardly be conceived by the most lively imagination!”

“ O my friend,” rejoined Chebib, “ How happy am I to have it in my power to contribute to your satisfaction! I know the object of your passion, and you may hope for possession.

“ The beauties of her mind are equal to those of her person; she is innocence itself; yet her husband, by some accident, has been obliged this very day to divorce her.”

Chebib left the apartment of Giafar ; he crossed his gardens, and came to the palace supported by the four-and-twenty columns, opposite to which the Prince of the Barmecides had been enchanted by the beauties of Negemet-il-Soupeh, the youngest, the last, and the best-beloved of the wives of his illustrious host.

After a short conversation with Negemet-il-Soupeh, Chebib found that it was she who had been watering the flowers in the garden, when Giafar was on the sofa.

Chebib had afterwards an interview with Sheffandar-azan, his father-in-law ; he informed him, that a person of rank much superior to himself, had fallen in love, from report, with Negemet. " Your daughter," continued Chebib, " is a pearl in my eyes ; but for the advantage of you and your family, I shall relinquish her whom I adore. Take your daughter home, and make her wish for what will be so advantageous to her."

Sheffandar took his daughter home, and entered fully into all the views of Chebib, who returned to his guest.

" My Prince," said he, " every thing corresponds with our wishes ; there is but one obstacle to delay your happiness. You cannot marry without being known ; and as you have come here under the influence of destiny, to *that* your discovery must be left."

The Giafar was absorbed in love ; yet he attended to the prudent admonition of his friend. " I shall take no measures," said he, " but what your wisdom

shall dictate ; I shall become tranquil with the expectations you have given me, and wait patiently till a change of circumstances may bring about their completion."

The Prince of the Barmecides was now happy, and resumed his walks, in disguise, through the streets of Damascus. One day, as he approached the great mosque, he heard two blind men, who knew each other by their voice, enter into conversation.

" Ah ! is it you, Benphiros ?" said the elder to the younger ; " I had several things to mention to you ; you know that my wife is skilled in all the books of occult science, which are in the Dome Daniel * at Tunis. She assures me that Giafar, the great Prince of the Barmecides, has been some months at Damascus ; that a prognostic, drawn from the Giaffar has compelled him to come here. The Caliph wishes an explanation of it ; and his Vizir is endeavouring to find the solution. But this is no place to talk about such matters."

" Quite the contrary," said the younger ; " This is the hour of prayer, and nobody is near us." He then felt about with his hands, and poked with his stick. Giafar took care to avoid him.

" Now," said he to his comrade, " Let us sit down, and resume our conversation. Your wife has told you the Vizir Giafar is at Damascus : I shall

* A museum at Tunis, which was supposed to contain several manuscripts on the occult sciences.

now inform you, that in two days he shall be discovered, though he takes every precaution to keep himself concealed."

"And who has told you that?" said the old blind man; "My father," replied the other. "He is an Egyptian; he has not read books, but he is in habits of intimacy with the Genii."

"Markaff, one of those Genii, who guard the treasures concealed in the bowels of the earth, and who daily visits my father, became enamoured of the Princess of Herack. Involved in a thick vapour, and mounted on a subterraneous whirlwind, he set out in the night-time to visit his beloved. In the middle region of the air, he met Tantoura, Queen of the Genii, who was going to Damascus to behold the beauty of the only son of Chebib."

"After a conversation, in which the respective beauties of the Princess of Herack, and young Chebib were warmly contested, the Queen, to convince Markaff of the superior charms of the Syrian, ordered him to mount her chariot, and accompany her to Damascus."

"When Markaff beheld the son of Chebib, he allowed that no person on earth could be more beautiful; but he insisted that the Princess of Herack had equal attractions."

"To decide the controversy, a comparison must be made; and an umpire called in, if it should be necessary. A cloud carried off the son of Chebib,

Tantoura, and Markaff, and they arrived in the apartment of the Princess of Herack.

“ It was not yet midnight ; but all the palace was sunk in a profound sleep, by the powerful enchantments of Tantoura, except the beautiful Zizialé. She, who had been instructed by her nurse in all the secrets of the Magi of Persia, never went to bed without her book under her pillow, and the wand of power fastened by a ribbon to her left hand.

“ She saw Tantoura and Markaff enter ; she affected a deep sleep, being prepared for what might happen.

“ They put young Chebib beside her ; he appeared to her to be a celestial being. She who had been proof against the magic of Tantoura, was unable to resist the darts of love.

“ The contest grew warm between the Queen of the Genii and Markaff ; they continued fixed in the opinions they had espoused ; a third must be called in ; Tantoura stamped with her foot, and the Genius Karkafs appeared.

“ Karkafs was a monster of deformity ; he was scarcely three feet high : his beard swept the ground, and his chin rested on his knee. His body, which had the appearance of a long branch, was supported by the foot of a goat, and two crutches ; his other foot was turned up above his shoulder.

“ Tantoura ordered this deformed creature to decide between her and Markaff. After a close inspection of the Princess and young Chebib, Karkafs declared their beauties to be incomparable, and that he

had seen the mark of the star, which infallibly united them together.

“Tantoura then approached the bed where Chebib, and Zizialé lay; she examined them with accuracy, and saw the unerring sign remarked by Karkafs.

“She had two magnificent rings; she put the most beautiful on the finger of Chebib, and the other on the finger of the Princess of Herack; she joined their right hands together, and gave a kiss to each.

“Markaff and Karkafs would have wished to have done as much, but they were restrained by their respect for the Queen of the Genii.

“The new-married pair were separated almost as soon as they had been united. Tantoura dismissed the Genii, and carried back her beloved Chebib to Damascus.

“The beautiful Zizialé was attentive to what had passed; she learned that she was destined to be united to the most amiable of men; she knew neither his name nor rank, but she possessed the means of being informed of both. She indulged herself in those agreeable sensations, which indicate the first dawning of love; and scarce had Tantoura departed, before she fell into a comfortable and pleasing sleep.

“But the morning brought along with it, sorrow and disquietude. An Ambassador arrived at Herack from the Sultan of Curdistan, to demand the Princess in marriage for the heir apparent to his throne.

“The Sultan and Sultaneß of Herack were surprised at the obstinacy of their daughter, who posi-

sively refused the hand of the Prince of Curdistān. The Sultan at length resolved to use compulsory methods, and the Princess, though with regret, determined to employ supernatural assistance for her escape.

“ Whilst she was lost in a train of disagreeable thoughts, the Genius Markaff appeared, who had not perhaps relinquished all his pretensions to the Princess, as unequivocally as Tantoura had done in respect of Chebib.

“ At another time the appearance of Markaff would have been disgusting. “ Who are you,” said she; “ and what do you want?” “ I am a Genius,” answered Markaff, “ who has assisted at your union this night with a charming young man, whose ring you have; I do not know what is to happen to you: I love you, and come to your assistance.”

“ Who loves me, serves me,” said Zizialé; “ enter within this circle:” she drew one. Markaff, who was the slave of love, obeyed, and became subservient to her commands.

“ You know where my lover is,” said the Princess; “ carry me to the gate of the city where he dwells.” Markaff was all compliance; he became an eagle, and she, in the shape of a butterfly, mounted on his wing.

“ He left her at the dusk of evening in a garden at the entrance of the suburbs of Damascus. She resumed her natural figure, and put on the dress of a young Arab of the desert; she rapped at a door,

and requested lodging, till the gates of the city should be opened.

“ She was received with hospitality by people who possessed more honesty than riches. The family consisted of a man and his wife, and a daughter, aged fourteen, and very beautiful, and whom they had concealed with the utmost care from the eyes of their new guest.

“ Zizialé passed a quiet night ; but she was seized in the morning by the officers of justice, for brutally attempting the honour of a virgin, whose father and mother had received her with hospitality.

“ She could have easily exculpated herself before the Cadi, but she must have then discovered a secret, which she wished to conceal ; besides, she had a thorough reliance for her delivery on her book, her wand, and Markaff.

“ When the jailor had locked her up in prison, she called Markaff, and ordered him to extricate her from her confinement.

“ Markaff told her that he had been informed, by a spirit of the air, who the culprit was ; that he had afterwards met with the Queen of the Genii, who told him that the Princess of Herack was compelled by destiny to appear at the foot of the scaffold ; that the whole was under the control of a superior power ; but that there was no reason for distrust.

“ The Princess of Herack, naturally full of confidence and courage, and relying on the protection of the Queen of the Genii, has resigned herself with tranquillity to her fate.”

Though the conversation of the blind men had been rather tedious, yet Giafar did not lose a particle. That which was not particularly applicable to himself, had reference to his friend. Zizialé, the victim of chance and of love, excited in him sentiments of justice, and of beneficence. He resolved, in disguise, to go to the place where the Princess of Herack was to be punished.

When the Vizir returned to Chebib, he took no notice of the discoveries which he had made. His host had not informed him that he had a son; he therefore waited till those extraordinary events, which were announced, should bring about a discovery.

The two friends passed the evening as usual. Chebib appeared at times to be oppressed by some unpleasant thoughts: the amorous Vizir began to fear, lest something might have obstructed the negotiation, which he had undertaken on his account: he mentioned his apprehensions to his friend, who assured him that they were groundless.

“Something particular,” said Chebib, “has happened in my family; it is useless to mention it to you; perhaps the cloud may vanish with to-morrow’s sun: let us be calm; we are here no more than chess-men, who are conducted by the will of the player: let us do all the good we can; he, who is the master of the game, has assigned us our proper place.” After this conversation, the countenance of Chebib resumed its former serenity, and the two friends retired to their repose.

When morning came, the Vizir disguised himself, and went to the place of execution ; he ascended a tree, which commanded an extensive prospect ; three beggars came soon after, and mounted on different branches of the same tree.

The supposed culprit, surrounded by the officers of justice, moved slowly on : when he had arrived near the foot of the scaffold, he stretched his arms towards the Heavens, and looked at the tree where the Vizir was.

" Oh, Giafar ! " cried he, " Prince of the Barmecides, power above all the powers of the earth, after the Caliph ! I know that you are here, and that you see me ; since you have been informed of my innocence, save me from an untimely death, and a disgraceful punishment. You conceal yourself in vain at Damascus ; in a short time you shall be discovered : seize the present moment to make yourself known by an act of beneficence, worthy of your character."

The eyes of the multitude were turned towards the tree ; but the three beggars, the companions of Giafar, being known, he was judged to belong to their company.

The address to Giafar, however, suspended the execution : it was known that Abdelmelek-Ben Merouan, King of Damascus, was uneasy about the arrival of the Grand Vizir in his dominions, and had taken every method, but to no purpose, to find him out : it was supposed that the young culprit

might give some information to the King; he was therefore taken directly to the palace.

“Who has informed you,” said the Monarch, “that the Prince Giafar is at Damascus?” “I have seen him, and I have spoke to him, Sire,” said the supposed criminal; “he was on a tree opposite to me along with three beggars; as I know him perfectly well, let your Majesty proclaim a public feast for three days hence: he will come, without doubt, and I shall make him known to you, notwithstanding any disguise he may assume.” The King of Damascus ordered Zizialé back to prison, and commanded a feast to be announced by the public criers.

Giafar having seen the execution suspended, came down from the tree, and by going through several bye streets, privately reached the palace of Chebib, to whom he related his adventure; but without informing him that he knew any thing of the young criminal.

The Vizir, in the course of conversation, complained of the peculiar hardship of his destiny.—“Your lot is not more severe than that of any other man,” answered Chebib; “for misfortune is annexed to the star of every son of Adam.”

“I have an only son,” continued Chebib, “whom I hoped would be the prop and comfort of my old age; I intended to have presented him to you, before your departure, and to have sent him to Bagdad, under your protection; but first I proposed to espouse him to the daughter of one of my most intimate friends.

But how great is my disappointment ; my son says that he is already married ; that he has been in bed with his wife, and that she is exquisitely beautiful. He has shewed a ring that was given him : it is said to be of great value ; his attendants wished to bring it to me, but he has concealed it. His mother has in vain endeavoured to find out the cause of his delirium : his situation makes me completely wretched."

Giafar could have explained several things to Chebib, but the time, he thought, was not yet come for unravelling such mysteries ; he requested to be introduced to young Hazad-Chebib, who was at his father's country house.

The youth received Giafar with the utmost respect, and the Prince of the Barmecides had a private interview with him, in which he collected from him all that he knew relative to his extraordinary adventure. The Vizir prevailed on him to lend him his ring, that he might shew it to his father ; he promised him to use his interest that the marriage proposed by Chebib should be delayed. Giafar shewed the ring to his host, who had been in conversation with his son's Governor in another apartment. The stone was a balass ruby, inestimable for its size and beauty.

Chebib being satisfied that all human arrangements yield to the force of destiny, gave up the alliance he had intended for his son, and determined to wait with patience till the mystery of the ring should develop itself.

The next day Giafar returned to Damascus with Chebib and his son; as they entered the city, they heard the public crier proclaim the magnificent feast, to which Abdelmeleck-Ben-Merouan invited the nobles of his kingdom, the citizens, and strangers, on the following day.

“ Since strangers are invited,” said Giafar to Chebib, “ I shall accompany you and your son to this feast; I shall go as your astrologer, dressed in an Indian robe and turban.”

The feast of Abdelmeleck was splendid in the extreme: this Prince, though naturally avaricious, yet wished to be thought generous. At times, he even bordered on profuseness; he prided himself in displaying his magnificence before the disguised Vizir, and he hoped to throw into a shade the vaunted hospitality of Chebib. He now demanded of the supposed culprit, how he should be able to discover the Vizir amidst such a crowd.

“ Sire, said Zizialé, “ he is in one of the tents. See,” continued she, “ yonder large white butterfly; keep him in view; enter the tent on which he shall rest; he will follow you, and place himself on the turban of the Grand Vizir.”

Abdelmeleck followed the advice of Zizialé: he saluted Giafar, who was placed at one of the first tables between Chebib and his son.

When the Vizir was discovered, he threw aside his disguise, and received with respect the attentions of the King of Damascus. Abdelmeleck led Giafar and his two companions to the royal tent, and the

found of *Long live the great Prince Giafar and Abdelmeleck-Ben-Merouan!* re-echoed from every side.

The private sentiments of the King of Damascus but ill accorded with the outward demonstrations of respect, which he paid to Giafar and his friends. As Abdelmeleck had reigned with tyranny, and as he hated Chebib, he imagined that complaints had been made against his government by that virtuous citizen, and that the Vizir had come, in disguise, to examine into the truth, "Or perhaps," thought he, "the Prince of the Barmecides may have fallen into disgrace with the Caliph, as he has been absent such a length of time from Damascus."

While malice was rankling in the breast of Abdelmeleck, Giafar opened his hand, and found a slip of paper, into which Markaff had transformed himself from a butterfly, by the order of Zizialé. Giafar looked at it, and read as follows: *attend to the fate of the person who spoke to you at the foot of the scaffold!* The note instantly disappeared, but the Vizir did not forget the purport of it. He demanded the young culprit from the King of Damascus.

Abdelmeleck resolved to refuse him: it was in some measure laying a snare for Giafar; he should now find out what opinion the Vizir entertained of his own consequence.

"You know," said he to Giafar, "the crime, of which this young man has been convicted, is not to be forgiven; the Caliph alone can grant a pardon: it is therefore your business, as his Vicegerent, to publish it in his name."

Giafar was embarrassed by his answer; when suddenly the sound of trumpets announced new guests to Abdelmeleck.

Almokadan-Hassan, General of the Zorans * appeared, attended by a numerous body of troops; he brought a letter of recall to Giafar from the Caliph. The letter of Haroun was filled with expressions of friendship and affection.

The soul of Chebib was dilated with joy, whilst the spirit of Abdelmeleck was proportionably depressed. He saw that the Vizir enjoyed the fullness of power; he ordered the young prisoner, with all the proofs relative to the trial, to be submitted to him. He felt a new and sensible mortification in Giafar's refusing to lodge at his palace, and continuing to reside with Chebib.

Giafar had scarce arrived at the house of his illustrious host, when the young culprit was delivered into his hands. Hazad-Chebib and Zizialé scarcely saw each other. Zizialé was distressed, but Hazad almost fainted away.

Giafar endeavoured to remove the uneasiness of Chebib for his son, by assuring him, that his malady was nothing but a slight symptom of that disease, with which he himself was so well acquainted.

As soon as Giafar had an opportunity, he went privately into the apartment that was assigned to the supposed criminal.

* The Zorans were of the tribe of the Barmecides, and composed the lifeguard of the Caliphs.

He told the Princess of Herack that he was informed of her history ; he advised her to go in the disguise of an eunuch to Bagdad, where she should be presented to Zobeide, the wife of the Commander of the Faithful. Above all, he recommended it to her not to meet the eyes of Hazad-Chebib, who was also going to Bagdad, lest she should be the cause of his death. He requested she would not employ any supernatural means, but leave every thing to the star of her destiny. Zizialé was surprised at the discourse of Giafar: she promised to pay an implicit obedience to his commands.

The attention of the Vizir was now engaged about two objects—his marriage with the fair Negemet, and his return to Bagdad.

Chebib was attentive to every thing that could contribute to the happiness of his guest. He sent next day for the Cadi : all the parties assembled, and the contract was signed. The beautiful Negemet submitted to her fate, but apparently in affliction.

Before his departure from Damascus, he presented two purses of gold to the master of the coffee-house, who had been so attentive to him. After having generously rewarded the confectioner, he provided for his three sons in the life-guard of the Caliph. He could not find out the fisherman ; he therefore recommended him to God, and the great prophet. As to the two blind men, he ordered the King of Damascus to pay them yearly one hundred and fifty pieces of gold. The Dervises had disappeared, perhaps to avoid his generosity.

Giafar at length set out from Damascus : his departure was marked with every circumstance of pomp and splendor. Abdelmeleck, attended by his whole court, escorted the Lieutenant of the Commander of the Faithful to Coubet-nafs-il-Saphir, where a sumptuous repast was prepared by the directions of the King of Damascus, who returned to his capital, disgusted with Giafar, and the decided enemy of Chebib.

The separation of the Vizir and of his virtuous host was truly affecting. Their expressions of friendship were unequivocal and sincere. Giafar travelled on with all possible expedition, anxious to obey the commands of the Caliph, and to meet again his family and friends.

At sunrise, on the second day after their departure, they pitched their tents in the middle of a pleasant plain, at the confluence of two streams, whose well-wooded banks afforded both excellent shade and pasturage.

He chose the most agreeable situation for the tent of his beloved Negemet ; he gave her for a companion the Princess of Herack, disguised in the dress of an eunuch, who was to be presented to the wife of the Commander of the Faithful.

The Prince of the Barmecides now sighed for a private interview with his beloved Negemet. He ordered Kalil, the first of her eunuchs, to inform her, that the Vizir would dine with her, should she permit him ; and at the same time he sent her a beautiful ring. Both the message and the ring were received by Negemet with the utmost respect.

When every person had withdrawn, the Vizir entered the tent : he found Negemet seated on a pile of cushions. When she beheld the Prince of the Barmecides, she rose, and bowed, but continued covered with her veil.

Giafar was surprised at her remaining veiled before him, who was her lawful husband. She informed him, that when he knew the cause of her reserve, the nobleness, the generosity, and the sensibility of his soul, would approve of her manner of proceeding.

Giafar was astonished, and wished to have an explanation.

Negemet informed Giafar of the immense sacrifice that Chebib had made.

The determination of the Vizir was suspended for a moment. Love combated against gratitude, friendship, and true honour. The contest was violent, but of short duration ; habitual virtue overcame momentary passion.

The Prince of the Barmecides now made an absolute renunciation in favour of his friend. " Madam," said he, " you are not my wife, but the wife of Chebib. You shall be my ever dear and respectable sister."

At this declaration of the Vizir, Negemet lifted up her veil, and said, " I shall remain no longer covered in the presence of him, who has permitted me to behold the beauty of his mind ; yes, you are the worthy, the virtuous friend of Chebib."

"May I always merit such a character," answered Giafar. "Since you have become my sister, let us avoid censure; we should give an opening for it were you to return to Damascus. You shall occupy an apartment in my palace at Bagdad; you shall be the guest of Fatmé, as I was the guest of Chebib.

Giafar then entered the tent where Zizialé was. "My Prince," said she, "I find that the fatigue of the journey has made a visible impression on the health of Hazad, who is but a convalescent. I have a cover, which he has not, to shield me from the scorching heat; I shall ride on horseback, and let Hazad travel in the covered carriage.

The chief of the Barmecides consented; and the obedient Markaff, in the shape of a cloud, covered the Princess of Herack from the burning rays of the sun, during the remainder of the journey.

The minarets of Bagdad at length appeared. A multitude of horsemen came out of the city to welcome the Vizir: it was the wish of the Caliph that the entrance of his Vizir should have the appearance of a triumph.

Almokadan, the general of the Zorans, conducted Negamet and Hazad-Chebib to the palace of Giafar; whilst he, with the Princess of Herack, in the disguise of an eunuch, went to pay homage to the Commander of the Faithful.

The Prince of the Barmecides met with the most cordial reception from Haroun, who asked for a minute account of his adventures. Giafar obeyed, without omitting the smallest circumstance. Haroun

laughed at the history of his passion for Negemet, and felt for the generosity of Chebib in the fullest extent.

"Now," said the Caliph, "when I read the Giaffar before your departure, why did I laugh?"

"Because," said Giafar, "The book shewed you that I should be foolishly in love."

"I afterwards appeared somewhat sorrowful," said Haroun: "explain to me the cause of this second emotion."

"You saw," said the Vizir, "my friend sacrifice his happiness to mine."

"And do you know why I shed tears?" rejoined the Caliph. "No," said the Vizir. "That I must explain to you," answered Haroun. "You shall expose the most virtuous man of the earth to the blackest calumny; but be not anxious about him, since he is under the immediate protection of heaven; when the disk of the sun appears red, I must set out for Damascus: let the swiftest camels both in my stables and yours be constantly saddled; and let Almokadan-Hassan have the Zorans in readiness to march; and whilst I shall pay my tribute to destiny, you must remain sole Governor at Bagdad."

The morning began to dawn, when their conversation ended, and Giafar retired to his palace to enjoy some repose.

Zobeide took under her protection the young Princess of Herack. She gave her women, eunuchs, and suitable apartments. Ziziaié suffered Markaff to

depart, being determined to put no more in practice the lessons of her nurse.

Negemet was happy with the wife of Giafar, and she met with the most flattering distinctions at the court of the Caliph.

The young Hazad-Chebib had Giafar himself for his preceptor, who instructed him in every essential part of knowledge ; but whilst all was serene and calm at Bagdad, a storm was gathering at Damascus.

Abdelmeleck-Ben-Merouan had returned to Damascus, full of rage and envy ; an additional lamp had been hung upon the dome of Coubet-il-Nasser, by the order of Giafar, as a testimony of his regard for Chebib : it was next in splendour to that which had been placed there by the order of Haroun. The King of Damascus considered Chebib as the spy of the Caliph, and he was convinced that the Grand Vizir had come to his capital to learn the sentiments of the people respecting his government.

The destruction of Chebib was now resolved upon by the suspicious tyrant. There was in the quarter of the city where Chebib lived, a joiner, whose wife was remarkably handsome. The qualities of her mind but ill corresponded with her external appearance ; she was the principal instrument to be employed in the destruction of Chebib : her husband was to be assassinated, and she the accuser.

Abdelmeleck, who affected at times liberality, had presented a ring to Chebib, who, ever attentive in his respect to his sovereign, always wore it when

he dined at the palace. This ring and his dagger were stolen from Chebib by one of the eunuchs of Abdelmeleck.

The joiner, returning home, was murdered before the gate of Chebib: the assassins disappeared. One of the door-keepers of the palace of Abdelmeleck, as corrupt as his master, loved, and was beloved by, the widow of the joiner. He prevailed on her to accuse Chebib of tempting her to abandon her husband during his life time, and after his murder, of having sent his ring to her as a pledge of his intention to marry her.

Four witnesses were ready to prove that they had seen Chebib commit the murder. The King of Damascus assembled a Divan, at which Chebib assisted, amongst the great men of the kingdom.

The widow of the joiner presented herself veiled at the foot of the throne, and demanded justice against the murderer of her husband. She repeated the whole story, which the door-keeper of the palace had suggested to her. She offered as proofs the ring which the assassin had sent, and to produce the four witnesses, who had seen him commit the crime, and had taken up his poniard.

The next day was appointed for the trial, and the Divan was ordered to re-assemble.

Chebib was now in the most imminent danger; but at the moment that the joiner Housssein had been assassinated, the prognostic mentioned by the Giaffar was seen at Bagdad. The sun appeared covered with blood, and Haroun set out for Damascus.

All was now confusion in the capital of Syria.—The house of Chebib was surrounded by the guards of Abdelmeleck. He was informed that he must appear the next day at the Divan ; that he was accused of having murdered Houffsein, and of having wished to seduce his wife.

The virtuous Chebib raised his soul to God by prayer, and recommended himself to the protection of the great prophet. After having discharged all the duties of religion, he supped, and went to rest.

The inhabitants of Damascus were astonished that a person of his excellent character should be accused of such a crime. The poor, to whom he had been a benefactor, lamented his fate ; and the envious, who were but few in number, were alone seen to rejoice.

Early next morning, the two blind men met at the door of the great mosque. They came to offer up their prayers for Chebib.

“ My wife,” said the elder, “ had a singular dream last night. She saw all the lamps on the dome of Coubet-il-Nasser almost extinguished ; they were again re-kindled by a light breeze, and shot forth a dazzling splendor.”

“ My father,” replied the younger, “ has seen Markaff, who was going to throw himself into the river, and become a fish, that he might assist Chebib. The Genius Karkass is to stuff himself into some place, where the air and he can only penetrate.—Tantoura their Queen will succour Chebib. This

worthy man has enemies on earth, but God allows him to have friends of a very extraordinary nature."

The three Dervises who had been the guests and admirers of Chebib, were going to enter the mosque: one of them spoke to the blind men. "What are you saying there about Chebib? If ye love *him*, of whom ye speak, receive alms in his name; enter the mosque with us, and offer up prayers for his safety."

"Ye shall not enter alone," said three persons, who arrived from three different quarters. "We come here for the same purpose."

These were the confectioner, the fisherman, and the master of the coffee-house, who had discovered Giafar, whilst he was in disguise at Damascus.

The confectioner had a parrot perched on his wrist. This was Tantoura, Queen of the Genii, who had assumed that shape. She continually cried *Chebib is innocent*. The fisherman had a large pike in his basket, which he had taken in the name of Chebib.—This fish was the Genius Markaff. The master of the coffee-house had a purse fastened to his girdle, and he was followed by a young man.

Four persons of a very suspicious appearance had, a few days before, gone in to take some refreshment with the master of the coffee-house; they began to quarrel about the division of a large sum of gold, which they had in a purse. During the heat of their contest, the purse dropped on the ground, with two sequins in it: they departed in a hurry, and the master of the coffee-house took it up. He had now

fastened it to his girdle, in expectation of meeting the owner in the croud, that would attend the trial of Chebib.

The Dervises, the blind men, the master of the coffee-house, the confectioner, and the fisherman, entered the mosque, and offered up their prayers for Chebib; whilst the young man, who had followed the master of the coffee-house, took care of the bird and the fish.

The friends of Chebib having finished their devotions, left the mosque, and approached the judgment seat. The parrot perched on the young man's wrist, constantly cried; *make room! make room!* The people gave way, without considering the singularity of the order which they obeyed.

Abdelmeleck now appeared, cloathed in the robes of royalty, and seated on his throne. The supposed culprit was produced, and the widow, attired in mourning, and covered with a long veil, began to prefer her accusation; but the parrot took away the attention of the people by imitating the sound of a trumpet. The widow of Houffein was not attended to.

The sound of real trumpets, and of other martial instruments, was now heard. The Caliph arrived; he dismounted from his dromedary, followed by his guards.

Abdelmeleck descended with haste from his throne to meet his sovereign, the Caliph advanced towards him with a gracious air.

King of Damascus," said he, " Be not surprised at my arrival here ; it is my province to watch over the happiness of Mussulmans : I find you now employed in dispensing justice ; and as this is one of the most painful duties annexed to a crown, I am happy that I shall be able to lighten your burthen ; I shall assist you in passing judgement."

The King of Damascus was thunderstruck at this declaration of the Caliph : his answer was scarcely intelligible. Haroun ascended the throne, and the trembling Abdelmeleck was seated on his left hand.

The widow of Housssein sunk before the majesty of the successor of the prophet. Falsehood expired on her lips ; she was unable to utter a word.

The Register was obliged to read her accusation ; the ring and dagger were then produced in evidence.

Chebib acknowledged they were his ; he said they had both been stolen from him at the same time. He observed that the diamonds with which the hilt of the dagger was studded, had been taken away, and false stones put in their place.

The Caliph turned to Abdelmeleck, and said, that the poniard had to him a very suspicious appearance ; it was not probable that Chebib, who was magnificent in every thing, should adorn the pommel of his dagger with false stones.

The four witnesses next appeared. Haroun interrogated the first. " Did you see Chebib murder Housssein?"

" I swear," answered the witness, " by our holy prophet, that I saw him with both my eyes."

He has falsified, said the parrot, who was still perched on the young man's wrist. Her shrill voice excited in the crowd a temporary buzz.

The Caliph now interrogated the second witness, as he had done the first. "It is as certain," answered this man, "that I saw Chebib murder Houssain, as it is true that I am a Mussulman."

He has falsified, said the same shrill voice; *he is not circumcised*.

Every body now saw that the parrot had spoken. Achmet-Balan, the corrupt door-keeper of Abdelmeleck, attempted to seize the bird; she bit his hand till the blood started, and with a stroke of her bill she drove out the stone of his ring. It rolled to the feet of Chebib, who took it up, and said, "Behold the diamond which was in the hilt of my poniard; the Caliph will recollect it; it was a present from him."

The murmur having subsided, which those uncommon incidents had produced, the Caliph interrogated the third witness. As he was standing beside the fisherman, he put his hand on the large fish, the half of whose jaw had been torn away by the hook.

"I swear," answered he, "that what I alledge is as true as that this fish, on which I lay my hand, is dead."

The fish instantly sprung from the basket, hit the perjured witness with its tail on the mouth, leaped over the crowd, and plunged into an adjacent canal.

The Caliph, not less surprized than delighted with those wonders, questioned the last witness. He

knew his purse, which was hanging at the girdle of the master of the coffee-house, but he did not recollect where he had left it. "I swear," answered he, "that my accusation is as true, as that I see my purse hanging from the girdle of that man."

You have falsified, said the bird; it is the purse of Achmet-Balan, the door-keeper of the King; his mark is at the bottom.

After all those proofs of the sagacity of the parrot, the Caliph turned to Abdelmeleck, and said, "Brother, you see that the whole creation is interested in the cause of virtue and of Chebib. I can perceive that a black conspiracy has been formed against him; as yet I am unacquainted with the source; but I have the means to find it out."

Then Haroun turned to the parrot. "My pretty bird, who hast befriended Chebib, tell me the name of the murderer of Houffsein, who wished to destroy Chebib."

"It is at the bottom of the ring, which was stolen from Chebib," answered the parrot; at the same time she flew away.

The Caliph called for the ring; there was no occasion for a jeweller to take out the stone. Karkass, who was inclosed there, performed that office; they found the name of *Abdelmeleck*.

It is easier to conceive than express the terror of Abdelmeleck, and the indignation of Haroun. The lightening of affronted justice flashed from his eye, and the culprit sunk into the dust. The Commander of the Faithful ordered condign punishment to be

inflicted on the criminals, and the King of Damascus enjoyed the severe distinction of being the last sufferer.

After this gloomy scene, Haroun became once more the guest of Chebib ; and this virtuous citizen, though with reluctance, was obliged, by the command of his sovereign, to assume the diadem of Damascus.

Haroun Alraschid having established Chebib on the throne, returned to Bagdad. Giafar trembled at the recital of the dangers which Chebib had encountered, and the whole prediction of the Giaffar was completely fulfilled.

By the friendly interposition of Haroun, Hazad-Chebib and the Princess Zizialé were united. The Sultan of Herack came in person to Bagdad to assist at the marriage of his daughter.

At the same time, the new King of Damascus arrived at the court of Haroun, and became once more the husband of his beloved Negemet ; and nothing but joy and festivity were to be seen on the banks of the Tigris.

Scheherazade having finished the adventures of Giafar and Chebib ; with the approbation of Schariar, related the history of *Halechalbé and the unknown Lady*, in which the penetration and justice of Haroun were displayed in a manner worthy of himself.

The History of HALECHALBE and the unknown Lady.

THE Caliph Haroun Alraschid sent for his Grand Vizir Giafar, and Mesrour, the chief of his eunuchs: "I have a desire," said he, "to go unknown through Bagdad, to visit the hospitals, and see if the sick have proper assistance. I shall put on the habit of a Dervise; ye must disguise yourselves, so as to be absolutely unknown."

The Caliph was obeyed; he examined several hospitals, and found every thing on a proper footing; he arrived, at length, at the gate of a large court; he heard a confused sound. "What means this noise?" said he to Giafar.

The Vizir informed him, that fools, whose madness was not of a dangerous nature, were confined here, but had permission to walk in the court yard.

"This is an interesting subject," said Haroun; "let us go in, and see if these unfortunate people are confined for sufficient reasons; let each of us examine one of them apart, and let us determine, by lot, who shall begin first." Chance determined for Mesrour.

The chief of the eunuchs entered into conversation with a man about forty years old; he was smoking his pipe, had his elbow on a table, on which several papers lay scattered. He was an astrologer; he informed Mesrour that he kept up an intercourse

with the stars, and had been particularly favoured by the moon; that she had been under particular obligations to him; that he had removed a large wart which was on her nose, and that he had saved her from an eclipse; but now that he was in confinement, she had neglected him; when she was in her increase, she was too feeble to assist him; when she was at the full, she was involved in clouds and fogs; but when she was in her wane, she poured every malign influence on his head, and oppressed him with defluxions, rheumatisms, and catarrhs. "But" continued he, "if ever I can get hold of her, I shall punish her with severity."

Mefrour wished to know how that could be done. The astrologer assured him that it could be effected with the utmost ease. That she came every night at nine o'clock to bathe herself in the well, which was in the middle of the court. "Now," said he, "if you will sit at my table, she will entertain no suspicion of you, and while she is amusing herself, by giving a tremulous motion to the water, do you stop up the well, and we shall then take her prisoner, and see how she will be able to justify her conduct."

"Will she speak, then?" said Mefrour; "shall we hear her?" "I certainly shall," answered the astrologer, who understood the language of the stars; "but let me see how your ear is formed."

He threw aside his pipe, and began to examine the ear of Mefrour; he suddenly pinched it with great violence, saying, "your ear is too short." The chief of the eunuchs cried out in a piteous

manner, and the keeper was obliged to run, and rescue him from the hands of the astrologer.

The Grand Vizir accosted a venerable old man with a flowing beard, who asserted that he was the prophet Mahomet, and that a square board of cedar, which he had before him, was the Koran.

Giafar asked him to prove his mission by a miracle.

“Go to the top of yon derminaret”, said the prophet; “cast yourself from thence, and though you should be dashed into a thousand pieces, yet I shall make you whole.”

The Vizir returned to the Caliph and Mesrour, without wishing to try the experiment.

Several lunatics now gathered round Haroun.— One of them assumed the character of the Commander of the Faithful, and proposed to Haroun to accept the place of Vizir, and relinquish his garb of a Dervise. He was going to cover him with what he fancied to be a robe of ermine. But it was nothing but a dirty thread-bare stuff garment.

Another had a basket full of nutshells, which he wished to sell for comfits.

The curiosity of Haroun was not yet fully gratified. At last, he entered an apartment larger and better furnished than any he had been in; he found a young man, of an agreeable and interesting appearance, seated on a sofa. He seemed oppressed by melancholy; he had the Koran in his hand. The young man appeared to be perfectly collected in his conversation; and the Caliph was not a little sur-

prized, when he learned that he was confined there, the victim of the Grand Vizir Giafar.

Haroun called Giafar and Mefrour: he repeated to them what he had heard; Giafar looked attentively at the young man; he assured the Commander of the Faithful that both the lunatic and his story were equally unknown to him.

The curiosity of Haroun was wound up to its height. He prevailed on the young man to tell him his history, who, after musing a while, and shedding some tears, began as follows:

“ My name is Halechalbé; my father is syndic of the commerce of Bagdad; he invited one evening several of the principal merchants to supper. Each of them brought his eldest son along with him: after a plentiful and elegant entertainment, the guests began to talk of what plans they proposed for their children.

“ One was to send his son to a foreign counting-house; another, to give his son a vessel, freighted with merchandise; and a third, to employ his son in a branch of his own business. In a word, all my young friends were to have useful and honourable establishments. After this conversation, the company parted.

“ When I was left alone with my father, I remarked to him, though I was the son of the first merchant in the city, yet I had no employment; he admitted the justice of my observation, and proposed to open a shop for me in one of the handsomest streets of Bagdad.

“ I embraced his offer, and found myself next day master of a shop filled with the richest stuffs of Persia and India; I had slaves conversant in commerce, who relieved me from the disagreeable part of the profession.

“ In the day time, my shop was filled with the first people of Bagdad, and I passed the evening with my father, who frequently visited my ware-rooms, and sent me whatever was valuable or uncommon in my line of business.

“ One day, two women, of a genteel appearance, came into my counting-house; one of them lifted up her veil a little, so that I could see she was very beautiful.

“ They sat down on a sofa; looked at some of the richest stuffs, and purchased to the value of three thousand crowns; on which my profit was five hundred. The goods were folded up, and the slaves carried them off, by the order of her who appeared to be their mistress. I had my hand stretched out to receive payment, when the young lady said,

“ Halechalbé, I have come without money; but do not be uneasy; I shall pay in a few days, and make more considerable purchases.”

“ The other woman observed, that such short credit, given by a merchant of my opulence, could be a matter of no consequence.

“ I was so dazzled by the beautiful eyes of the young lady, that I made no reply; they departed, and I remained fixed like a statue.

“ I now began to consider my folly : I had given away my merchandize to a stranger : I went home devoured by melancholy and chagrin. My mother saw my trouble, and with difficulty wrung from me the secret cause of my sorrow ; she observed, that *the merchant who could not bear to lose, did not deserve to gain.* She promised to make up from her own purse whatever loss I might have sustained.

“ Her exhortations were to no purpose : for three days I continued completely wretched ; my pride was hurt, that I should become the dupe of a pair of fine eyes.

“ On the fourth day, my fair unknown appeared, followed by her slaves. She threw down a large purse on the counter : “ Young man,” said she, “ there is your money ; see that it is right.”

“ She now purchased stuffs to the amount of three hundred pieces of gold. When she had departed, I went to find out my mother : all my anxiety had now vanished ; I acquainted her with my good fortune, and admitted the justness of her observation, *That the man who ventures nothing, gains nothing.*

“ The fair unknown continued my customer, till the value of the goods she had, exceeded the money she had paid, by ten thousand crowns, which were an equivalent to any profit I could have made by her.

One day, after I had opened my shop, an old woman came in ; she informed me, that she came from the lady who owed me the ten thousand crowns : “ if my mistress,” continued she, “ has given you

a preference to other merchants of Bagdad, it is because she has given you a preference of another kind. She is young, beautiful, and rich, and wishes to be your wife. When you have seen her, if you approve of her proposal, the ten thousand crowns are to be the dowry ; if, on the other hand, you shall decline her offer, they shall be paid down to you ; but that you may judge for yourself, follow me."

"The eyes of the fair unknown had subdued me at the first glance ; and when I learnt that she loved me, I became the most enamoured of men. I ordered my slaves to shut up the shop, and to inform my father and mother that I should not return home, as I was going to spend the evening with some friends at a garden without the city. I now submitted myself to the guidance of the old woman.

"At her requisition, I submitted to be blindfolded with a thick silk handkerchief : she made me turn about three or four times. She led me by the hand for a full quarter of an hour ; we then stopped ; I heard her rap at a door ; it was opened ; we entered, and the door was shut.

"When the handkerchief was taken from my eyes, I found myself in a palace, where every thing was magnificent and splendid. Several slaves appeared, who were dressed in the richest manner, and an elegant repast was set before me.

"The old woman now counted on a table the ten thousand crowns, which were due to me.—

"There is your money," said she ; "be not uneasy if my mistress does not yet appear ; you cannot see

her until the contract is signed ; it is what the law commands, and decency requires.

“ The Cadi now appeared, accompanied by ten persons. The contract was instantly drawn up, and signed by the witnesses he had brought. A collation was served up for him and his attendants ; he was presented with a magnificent robe, and three hundred sequins in gold. He then withdrew, charging the old woman to return his best thanks to her mistress.

“ I remained perfectly astonished at what I had seen ; every thing had the appearance of enchantment. Toward evening, the tables were covered with confectionary of every sort, and exquisite wines. I was then conducted to the bath, which sent forth a most delicious perfume ; the fire with which it was heated, was of aloes wood ; from the bath, I was conducted to a chamber, where I was entertained with a delightful concert.

“ At length, the mistress of my affections appeared, attended by twenty slaves, whom she alone could surpass in beauty.

“ At her appearance, I became almost petrified, and love gained the full possession of my soul.

“ We were conducted to an apartment still more superb than any I had yet seen, and were seated on the same sofa.

“ The old woman, and four slaves, appeared with refreshments of various sorts in dishes of gold ; we helped each other ; every thing was then removed, and we remained alone.

“ She then informed me of her inviolable attachment to me, but that I must subscribe to some rigorous conditions. To remain unacquainted with her name and family ; to leave her house but once a year, and to have no connection with any other woman. I am of a jealous disposition,” continued she, “ and beware.”

“ Absorbed in love as I was, I submitted with pleasure to every requisition. For fifteen days after my marriage, I enjoyed the most exquisite delight : at length, the voice of nature began to be heard ; I now reflected on the inquietude my absence must have caused to my father and mother ; and I endeavoured in vain to conceal my chagrin.

“ When I had informed my wife of the cause of my distress, she commended my filial affection. “ You shall pass,” said she, “ seven days with your father and mother, and re-commence your business ; it will serve as a cloak to cover our marriage ; and as your parents must know of your connection, recommend to them the most profound silence on the subject.

“ It was now night-fall ; the old woman put a bandage over my eyes, and led me to the spot where I had been first blindfolded. There my conductress restored to me the faculty of sight. I flew to my father’s house, where sorrow and distress had reigned during my absence. One of our neighbours, who knew me by the light of a lamp that was in a shop at the opposite side of the street, hastened in to tell my mother, lest the joy occasioned by my sudden ap-

pearance might affect her in too sensible a manner: I was considered as dead, and my relations had put on mourning. I informed our neighbour that I had been absent on urgent business at Bassora, where I had heard that one of our principal debtors had failed; that I had sent an express to my father, but as he had heard nothing of me, it must have miscarried. He related this story to my parents.

“ I now entered our house. I cannot describe to you the joy of my father; my mother, notwithstanding the precaution that had been taken, swooned away in my arms.

“ What! my son, do you return from Bassora?” said my father.

“ As there was a crowd in the house, I wished to persevere in the fiction I had invented. “ I know not,” said I, “ whether our correspondent at Bassora will fail; however, I have got securities to satisfy us. Here is a diamond for your turban; here is another for the pommel of your poniard; another for the handle of your cimeter; and a bracelet for my mother. I fancy that these will be an equivalent for any money we may lose.”

“ My father renewed his embraces, without demanding any farther explanation. The house of mourning was changed into the house of joy; and a sumptuous entertainment was prepared for our friends.

“ The next day, I informed my parents of my marriage, and enjoined them inviolable secrecy.— Nothing could equal their astonishment; the rich jewels, which I brought them, were, however, powerful proofs.

They were delighted with my plan of resuming business ; and the day after I appeared again in my shop.

“ On the evening of the seventh day, the old woman came to me ; she led me blindfolded as before, and the bandage was taken off by the beautiful hands of my spouse.

“ I passed fifteen days more, if possible, with greater satisfaction than the first, and I then returned to my father's house, and to my business.

“ For some months my happiness was without alloy ; my wife always felt sensibly at our separation. She was a proficient in music ; and during my absence, she took up some instrument, and, accompanied by her slaves, sung whatever verses her passion might dictate ; and she frequently shewed them to me at my return.

“ Hitherto, I have painted to you my felicity ; I must now reverse the picture. An attachment, which Zaliza, my wife's favourite slave, conceived for me, was the source of my misfortune. She declared to me her passion, but I continued insensible to it. Rage, and the desire of vengeance, now possessed her soul.

“ One day, during my absence, her mistress sung my praises and our love ; Zaliza accompanied her with the other slaves ; but when she heard a couplet in praise of my fidelity, she dropped her lute, as if through displeasure, and did not take it up again.

“ My wife inquired into the cause. She answered, that she had no reliance on the constancy of

men; and she could prove that Halechalbé was not more faithful than the rest of his sex.

“ My wife now began to feel the fatal stings of jealousy; but she kept her suspicions concealed from me. I went to my father and to my business as usual: and when I returned, I could find no abatement of her affection.

“ One day as I was in my shop, about two hours before the old woman was to conduct me to my wife, the public crier proclaimed in the street, that a golden censer, set with diamonds, was to be sold for two thousand sequins. The crier was called to me by a slave; “ to whom,” said I, “ does the censer belong?” “ to yonder woman,” answered he; he pointed out to a person veiled, of a genteel appearance. “ Bring her here to speak to me,” said I.

“ The woman having paid the crier his fees, came towards me. I requested that she would sell me the censer. She informed me that it was not to be purchased for money; that she had conceived a violent affection for me, and that a kind return on my part was to be the price. This I positively refused.

“ At length, as my evil stars would have it, I promised to grant her a kiss. I withdrew with her into a dark part of the shop, and presented my cheek to her: instead of kissing it, she bit it so severely, that the blood started. She hurried away, leaving the censer in my hand. I stopped the blood, but could not bring down the swelling, nor remove the cruel marks of the teeth of Zaliza; for it was she

who had been guilty of this black perfidy, and represented me afterwards to my wife to be more culpable than I really was.

“The old woman came, and conducted me to my fair unknown, who was now full of rage, and meditated the most severe revenge: she would listen to nothing I could alledge in my defence. “Wretch,” said she, “you have been lavish of your favours; but your infamy shall cost you dear. Morigen,” said she, to the chief of her eunuchs, “cut off his head.”

“The fatal blow was going to be struck, when the old woman interceded for me. My wife paused for a moment; she mitigated somewhat of my punishment, and ordered me to be bastinadoed. Her sentence was executed with such rigor, by the cruel Morigen, that I fainted away. When I recovered, I found myself in bed at my father’s house, surrounded by several medical people, who had been called in to my assistance. After this cruel punishment had been inflicted on me, I was carried off by my wife’s slaves: they had rapped at my father’s door, and left me on the threshold.

“I was unable to leave my bed for forty days; my father, but in vain, endeavoured to excite my resentment. Alas! I was as much in love as ever. A hopeless passion now preyed upon my mind; I was full of melancholy and despondence, and at length the seat of reason was completely overthrown. I now became outrageous; I had the misfortune to strike both my father and mother; I recollect that I

foamed at the mouth, and that I was loaded with chains. When I recovered my understanding, I found myself confined in this gloomy abode ; I was told that it was by the command of the Grand Vizir Giafar.

"This, venerable Dervise," continued Halechalbé to Haroun, "is my sad narrative. My only consolation is the Koran, and the hope that the Commander of the Faithful, who beholds every thing with his own eyes, will one day visit this mansion of sorrow. I constantly offer up my prayers to heaven, but they have not yet been heard."

"Continue to pray, my child," answered the Caliph, "and your petition shall be attended to." Haroun now returned to the palace with Giafar and Mesrour.

By the advice of Giafar, who doubted of the truth of the young man's history, Halechalbé was the next day brought to the foot of the throne. Haroun ordered him to repeat his story : he was consistent in his narrative, and did not vary even in the terms.

The father of Halechalbé was sent for, who was surprised to see his son in the presence of the Caliph. They embraced each other with tenderness, and were presented with two rich vests by the Commander of the Faithful. They returned home full of joy, and Halechalbé was again reinstated in his shop, as well filled with valuable merchandize as before.

It was the wish both of the Caliph, and of his Vizir, to find out the wife of Halechalbé; the

thought it probable the old woman would again return to his shop, were it only through curiosity : the spies of Giafar were placed in ambush to seize her, and compel her to discover her mistress.

An attachment of long standing is not easily eradicated. Halechalbé, notwithstanding the ill treatment he had received from his fair unknown, was as much in love as ever.

The resentment of his wife was but of a short-lived duration : she soon felt all the symptoms of a returning passion. The old woman was then dispatched to ask after his health ; and for a time she was able to bring some information ; but after he had been privately conveyed to the mad-house, all her inquiries were to no purpose.

The old woman was one day rambling through the town, hopeless, however, of bringing any pleasing information to her mistress. In passing through the street where Halechalbé's shop was, she saw it open ; she looked in ; she recollected the young man himself ; he was reclining on a sofa, seemingly lost in thought. She rushed into the shop ; she was going to throw herself into his arms ; he perceived her, and was running to meet her, when the spies of the Grand Vizir, who were at hand, carried her off, and brought her before Giafar.

Great was the surprise of Giafar, when he found the old woman to be the governess of his daughter Zeraide ; but he was struck dumb with astonishment, when he found that his daughter was the wife of Halechalbé. Without going to have any expla-

nation from *her*, he went directly to the Commander of the Faithful, followed by Nemana, and his spies, who had taken her.

He informed the Caliph, that the old woman who had been employed in the marriage of Halechalbé was found out; and without informing him that Zeraide was a party concerned, he attempted to prove the rights of the wife over the husband. Haroun, however, was of a contrary opinion, and asked him, who was the woman, whose cause he so ably pleaded? "My daughter," answered the Vizir, somewhat embarrassed.

"We have now come to the point," rejoined the Caliph. "You are so much employed about my affairs, that you neglect your own, and are unacquainted with what passes in your house. My wish," continued he, "is to make both Halechalbé and your daughter happy: he idolizes her, notwithstanding her cruel treatment to him; and will it not be a fortunate circumstance for her to become once more his wife? You know that with a look, I can make a Prince of the meanest of my subjects."

The Caliph then sent for Halechalbé: "Young man," said he, "your wife shall be restored to you: she is the daughter of my Grand Vizir; but you shall forgive or punish her as you think proper. "Oh! Commander of the Faithful," cried the young Halechalbé, "I can harbour no resentment against her, whom I love more than my own existence." The Caliph recommended to Giafar the interests of his daughter and son-in-law. "He is

a man," said he, "whom you must consider as attached to my service, and whom I intend to promote."

The Grand Vizir returned to his palace with Halechalbé. He entered the apartment of his daughter; she rose to salute him, as usual, when a motion of his hand, and an angry frown, withheld her.

"Suppress those demonstrations of satisfaction," said Giafar; "there can be no love, where there is no confidence, and no respect where there is disobedience: you have married without my consent, and have treated your husband with barbarity. I have brought him here; he is your master; your life is at his disposal."

Zeraide would have fallen dead on the earth, had she not perceived rays of compassion beaming from the eyes of Halechalbé. She threw herself at his feet, and the young man took her up with the utmost tenderness: they embraced each other, amidst a shower of tears. This scene melted the soul of Giafar; he was passionately fond of his daughter. If he was the Vizir, he was also a father. The Cadi Yalleddin was sent for to rectify the irregularity in the marriage contract.

Yalleddin, when he came, apologised to Giafar, for having been accessory to the clandestine marriage of his daughter. "There was," said he, "an irregularity on my part; but I was guilty of it, to prevent what might have been still more irregular."

The Vizir shewed no mark of disapprobation towards the Cadi, but generously thanked him for his prudent conduct: he reserved, however, the slave Zaliza for an exemplary punishment.

The nuptials of his daughter were now publicly celebrated, in the highest, stile of eastern magnificence.

Thus Halechalbé, from the most melancholy of situations, attained the highest degree of happiness. From being confined in a mad house, he was covered with honours by the Commander of the Faithful.

Schariar was much amused with the story of Halechalbé, and commended the conduct of Haroun. Scheherazade then began the story of *Xailoun, sur-named the Silly..*

The History of XAILOUN, surnamed the SILLY.

THERE was at Bagdad a young man named Xailoun, born of honest parents, and left an orphan at a tender age, with but little fortune; his short, thick shape promised a robust constitution. His features were not disagreeable, but they wanted expression. As from his childhood he had no understanding, he served as a laughing-stock to his companions. He was in other respects of a very gentle disposition. When he grew up to man's estate, his friends imagining that a sensible woman might probably conduct him with propriety through life, married him to a young person, two years older than he was, prudent and discreet, and of the same rank in society.

Oitbha, his wife, soon found out his deficiency. He seemed to exist but for eating and sleeping; if he ever went abroad, it was only to expose himself to insult. This mortified Oitbha, who loved her husband, notwithstanding his gluttony and folly: for in other respects he was well conditioned.

While Xailoun led this sort of life, his little patrimony mouldered away, and he became at last a meer simpleton.

Oitbha used caresses, remonstrances, and reprimands, but to no purpose. She wished to make him labour, that he might assist somewhat towards earning his livelihood, but he would do nothing.

One day, by much entreaty, he was prevailed on to go and spread out some linen, which was to be dried in the sun: when his wife came some time after to see if he had finished his task, she found him squatted on the earth in conversation with a kardouon*, who was on a heap of stones. Xailoun spoke, and the little animal seemed to answer him, by that motion of the head, which is peculiar to him. Mean time, the linen was neglected on the ground.

“What do you do there, Xailoun?” said Oitbha. “I am talking to my cousin.” “The kardouon is your cousin?” “Yes, he is;” and turning to the animal, “are you not my cousin, kardouon?” The animal answered with the accustomed motion of his head. Oitbha now lost all patience; she took up a branch of a turpentine tree, and gave Xailoun three or four strokes; he then spread out the linen.

Oitbha began to reflect. “I shall have a growing family; I cannot subsist them by my labour alone; since I can make this idler fear me, and as he has strength, he shall work for his maintenance.”

When Xailoun came into the house, she took up her branch of the turpentine tree; she made him displace what little furniture they had, and put it again in order; if he stopped for a moment, she laid on him with a heavy hand.

* A harmless little animal, of about fourteen inches in length, and shaped somewhat like a crocodile.

Xailoun obeyed ; but his task was no sooner ended, than he made his escape, and rambled through Bagdad. He returned home late, and severely beaten.

Oitbha saw that her turpentine wand was insufficient to establish her authority. She took a large stick.

“ How dare you go abroad,” said she, “ without my leave?” she gave him twenty sound strokes on the shoulders.

She then made him go to bed. “ Sleep,” said she; “ to-morrow we shall turn over a new leaf with you. You are strong and healthy: you must go out and work, and bring the profit of your labour home; there must be a *thorough change* in you; if not, the stick must do its duty.”

Xailoun went to sleep very sorrowful, and was obliged to go in search of work in the morning, the dread of the stick operated powerfully on him.

Xailoun thus reasoned with himself. “ I am to be beaten, if I am not *changed*, and if I am *changed*, can I continue to be Xailoun?”

The organs of Xailoun were so framed, that he could only recollect the last words of any conversation. He knew that he must bring home bread, and return *changed*; if not, his sensibility was to be excited by the blows of the stick.

He passed by the house of a baker. The bread was just out of the oven. His appetite was excited by the comfortable smell: as it was winter, and very cold, the heat of the oven was a strong attraction to *him*, who was but thinly clad.

The baker looked fat and rosy, and all his servants appeared to be well fed.

“ Oh !” said Xailoun, “ could I get employment here, I should be perfectly happy ; could I eat of this bread but for eight days only, I should become fat and comely, and consequently I should be *changed*.”

He went into the shop, and the baker seeing him of a robust appearance, asked him if he wished to be employed ? Xailoun answered in the affirmative ; and he brought the fagots for heating the oven.— When the hour of dinner came, he ate of the bread which he had so much coveted : and the baker learning that he had a wife and family, gave him three loaves, when he returned home in the evening.

For eight days Xailoun served the baker ; his family was well supplied with bread, and his wife treated him with kindness, except when he slept too long in the morning, and then the formidable cudgel was summoned to the assistance of Oitbha.

His wish for rambling through Bagdad was still predominant : he deserted the baker, and without having any object in view, he wandered about, till he came to the coffee house of Seydi Hassan : it was in one of the most beautiful parts of Bagdad, on the banks of the river.

Under a tent before the house, there was a large bafon, covered with a pyramid of rice, highly seasoned, and prepared in the most delicate manner : the smell of this savory dish excited the attention of Xailoun. He saw six persons, who seemed to be

busily employed; they all had the appearance of health and beauty : but it did not seem extraordinary to him, that people who could eat pilau * at pleasure, should have such good looks. He wished to be employed by Seydi Hassan : hunger, and a desire to be *changed*, made even Xailoun eloquent. He applied for work to the master of the coffee-house, who ordered his servants to give him employment immediately.

Xailoun ate an hearty dinner, and at night got a large basket of broken meat to carry home to his family. He informed Oitbha of the *change* in his situation: she was content, as long as he continued to bring something to support her and her children.

Xailoun was for a time happy ; but a wish to be *changed* was still his leading passion. He hoped to be so transformed, that he might not be easily known again by his wife ; and in this expectation he over-eat himself, that he might appear red and bloated like the other servants : he often went to look at himself in a glass, to see if he was not increasing in size.

One day, Seydi Hassan perceived him, and asked the cause. “ I wanted to see if I was *changed*,” said Xailoun. “ You wish to be changed,” said his master ; the scullion is dead—you shall have his place.”

Xailoun was now attired in the dirty garments of his predecessor : he was carried to the wash-house, where he began to clean the pots and dishes : they

* The Arabic name for rice prepared in this manner,

brought him his dinner ; and he acquitted himself in a most satisfactory manner in his new occupation. He then went to examine himself in the glass ; but he was so frightened at the appearance he made, that he ran out of the shop, exclaiming, " My God ! my God ! I wished to be *changed*, but not into a scullion : I shall, however, go home, and see if this disguise will prevent my wife from knowing me, and beating me."

Oitbha, however, knew him, notwithstanding his new dress ; and as he had brought home nothing for her supper, he went through very severe discipline.

Xailoun set out the next day in search of a new master, and new adventures, and still desirous of a *change*. As he was rambling through the streets, he approached one of the great mosques, near which was a pastrycook's shop. The healthy appearance of the journeymen delighted Xailoun, and the smell of the pastry sharpened his appetite. " Could I but eat some of those dainties," said he, " I should, doubtless, be completely *changed*."

The master of the shop (as soon as Xailoun came in, and asked for work) seeing him healthy and robust, took him into his service. Xailoun's labour was not difficult, and he stuffed himself with excellent pastry ; and at night, he carried home some niceties for his wife.

Oitbha was astonished at the new proofs of her husband's industry. " It is because I *have been changed*," said Xailoun.

For some days every thing went on smoothly at the pastrycook's. The afs that turned the mill at length happened to die, and a want of meal was the consequence. The master cook proposed to Xailoun to supply his place.

Xailoun, who wished to be *changed*, was content; he requested that he might also *change* his drefs.—“Agreed,” said his master; and Xailoun was invested with the habillements of the afs.

He was blindfolded and harnessed, but the *change* he underwent, did not compensate for the fatigue. As soon as he was unyoked, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he fled with the rapidity of a shaft from the bow, and did not stop till he reached his own house. The surprise of Oitbha was extreme, to see him covered with meal from head to foot; she was exceedingly enraged, yet compassion checked her from beating him with her accustomed severity.

Oitbha still preached to Xailoun the necessity of a *change*: “to be *changed*,” said Xailoun to himself; “I wish I knew how it could be done: for example, when I go through the streets, which lead to the river, I pass through the one or the other, but still I get only to the river. Perhaps if I was to go into the country, it would answer better; I pray daily to God to *change* me; but there is such a noise in Bagdad, it is possible that he may not hear me.”

On this supposition, Xailoun hastened out of the city, satisfied that he should find that point* of the heavens towards which all true Mussulmans turn.

* The Mahometans turn towards Mecca when they pray.

At some distance from the city, he saw the door of a large garden open: he went in, and found the trees loaded with apples, pears, pomegranates, and every sort of fruit. This place appeared to him a terrestrial paradise. He was passionately fond of fruit, and had never eaten enough. This prospect was extatic.

“ I recollect,” said Xailoun to himself, “ that our she-ass, after having been fifteen days on a good posture, underwent so thorough a change, that I did not know her again. Now were I to remain here for the same space of time, I certainly should not be discovered by any person.”

As Xailoun was thus meditating, he met the proprietor of the garden, and offered his services. His proposal was accepted, and Xailoun now seemed to have reached the summit of his wishes. His labour was easy, and he was allowed to eat as much fruit as he desired, after he had plucked them from the trees.

He frequently drove two asses loaded with fruit to Bagdad, and as those animals were acquainted with the road, Xailoun had scarcely any trouble.

Oitbha was at this time lying-in, so that she was not able to make any inquiries after her husband. Xailoun had not forgotten her; he was waiting till he should be *completely changed*; unfortunately, there was no looking-glass in his master's house, in which he might observe the progress of his transformation.

But the comfort and the hopes of Xailoun were to have an end. There were two oxen in the stable,

who were constantly worked; Xailoun led them to the water every day, and called them his companions. One of them, whether by accident, or the unskilfulness of the conductor, fell into a quagmire, and broke his leg.

The gardener, who perfectly understood the extent of Xailoun's understanding, proposed to him to supply the place of the maimed beast. The simpleton, who wished but for a *change*, acquiesced. The harness of the ox was put over his cloaths, and this he judged a decided metamorphosis. But the labour was too severe for Xailoun; the dread, however, of the gardener's whip made him persevere till evening. As soon as he was unyoked, he got outside the door, and fled towards Bagdad, with his harness on his back. He never dared to look behind him; the sound of the whip was still in his ear.

Night had now come on; the gates of the city were shut; the unhappy fugitive had no asylum, but the burial places without the walls. He entered into the first he met, and being fatigued, he fell asleep. He was awakened in the morning by some grave-diggers. One of them had espied the unfortunate Xailoun in his hideous dress. "Behold," said he, "one of those evil Genii, who prey upon dead carcasses."

Xailoun started up and fled; the grave-diggers were seized with terror, and permitted him to escape. They, however, pursued at a distance; threw their shovels after him, crying aloud, "behold the evil

Genius, who eats the dead in their graves ; pursue him ; kill him ; tear him in pieces !”

The populace assembled, and cried with as strong a voice as their fears would allow, “ behold the evil Genius, who devours the dead !”

The dogs assisted ; but an animal so uncouth kept them at bay ; they barked, but continued at a distance.

The unfortunate Xailoun was pursued, till he reached his own house. He was now so thoroughly *changed*, that his wife did not know him ; she took up a stick, and drove him out.

He now fell into the hands of the grave-diggers, and was carried triumphantly to prison.

He was then uncased, and found to be a man.— Three or four of his neighbours, whom curiosity had brought there, knew him, and bore testimony to his inoffensive character. The Judge acquitted him, and he was brought back to Oitbha, with all his harness.

His wife now relented ; she wished she had not treated him with such severity : she learned, though with some difficulty, from him, how he had been *changed* into an ox, and afterwards, without his knowledge, into an evil Genius.

The next day, Oitbha took some of her neighbours along with her ; she went to the gardener, and severely rebuked him for having so imposed on the credulity of a good Mussulman, as he had done. She demanded, in a menacing tone, the money that her husband had earned.

The gardener offered her two sequins, which was four times more than the salary he had promised. Oitbha thought it too much; but two of her neighbours said that Xailoun could easily earn two sequins in a month. She took the money, and returned home.

Five days now elapsed without any new adventures.

Xailoun had recovered from all his bruises, and Oitbha renewed her remonstrances. She told him, that he was not to be *changed* into a scullion, into an ox, into an afs, or into an evil Genius; but to be *changed* into a man who might be of use to his family.

Oitbha supposed he had capacity to be a seller of children's earth*; she made him dig up some, and fill with it two baskets: he was to distribute this merchandize through the streets, and cry, with an audible voice, "*children's earth, children's earth.*"

The afs was now loaded, and Xailoun astride on the baskets: Oitbha, with a crack of the whip, put the afs in motion. Xailoun began his career with success; but his voice soon failed him, and sleep overpowered him. The afs, now perfect mistress, took the road to the river, where she drank what she pleased, and as she had left her young one in the stable, she hastened back with her load.

* A sort of red earth, which is put in the cradles of the Arabian children. It is reckoned a preventive against infectious disorders.

The door was low, and Xailoun hit his head against the threshold. The force of the stroke awoke him, and he began to cry out with violence, "*children's earth.*" He bled violently at the nose, and had a large bump on his forehead.

The indignation of Oitbha, when she saw him in this plight, was beyond expression. After she had washed his nose with some salt and water, she gave him half a dozen blows. "Lazy wretch," said she, "you should be beaten like an ass; you must change, or I shall give you such discipline, that you shall forget that which you have already received. Go to the baker, to the pastry-cook, to the master of the eating-house, even to the gardener; go and get employment from any of your former masters. They will take you back, beast as you are; but do not expect to return here, without bringing something to support your family. I have no room for an idler like you."

Xailoun was turned once more out of doors, to seek his fortune; he supposed that he had not gone a sufficient distance from the city, to have his prayers heard by God, from whom he supplicated a *change*.

He now advanced a considerable way into the country, till he came to an heap of ruins, the remains of the palace of some great man.

Here he saw a Kardouon on a heap of stones; Xailoun wished to enter into conversation with him; the animal could only answer by the ordinary motion of his head. Xailoun thought himself ill-treated; he threw a stone at the Kardouon, who took

shelter under the heap on which he had been sitting. The wrath of Xailoun was now at the extreme; he determined that his cousin, as he called the Kardouon, should enter into conversation with him.— He set to work, and in a quarter of an hour the stones were removed; but a new object took off his attention from his cousin.

He discovered a square stone of black marble, to which a ring was fastened; he pulled with force, and raised up the stone. He then saw a ladder, by which he descended into a vault. “ Ah! ah!” said he, “ I have now found out my cousin’s house.”

By a glimmering light, which penetrated from above, he could distinguish several urns. “ These are the vessels,” said he, “ where my cousin stores up his provisions.” He uncovered one, and took out an handful of gold.

He went to the entrance of the cave to see what he had gotten. As he was unacquainted with the nature and value of the metal, he supposed the pieces of gold were carrots, and the food of the Kardouon. “ Oh! my cousin!” said he, “ come, and speak to me, or I shall take away your carrots for our asfs.”

The Kardouon did not think proper either to answer, or shew himself; so Xailoun departed with the carrots, bade farewell to his cousin, and returned to Bagdad.

As he was on the road, he wished to taste the provender he was bringing to his asfs; he tried one of the supposed carrots; he found it so hard, that he supposed his cousin must have remarkably good teeth,

to be able to eat such fare, without being boiled. He threw away the piece of gold, which he had endeavoured to bite, and at length reached his own house.

Oitbha was surprised at the golden carrots. She carefully examined Xailoun, and found that he had discovered a treasure.

She made her husband re-conduct her to the abode of his cousin; she loaded the ass with two baskets full of gold, and made Xailoun stop up the entrance of the cavern, with all the stones he had removed away.

As Oitbha was prudent, she made no display of her wealth. She gave her husband new cloaths, but of the same stuff that he usually wore. This did not, however, appear to him a sufficient change; he was still liable to be either beaten or scolded.

One day, Oitbha wished to give him a comfortable meal; and as she had not yet hired a slave, she sent him out to purchase meat, rice, and chick peas, and he had the money for each in a separate parcel. He went to the butcher, and executed his commission with him; he likewise bought the rice; but he forgot the chick peas.

His wife sent him out again to buy them; she desired him to be expeditious, and not to forget.—Xailoun went out, continually crying *chick peas*; but unfortunately he met with an acquaintance, and a very short conversation with him blotted out from his memory the chick peas.

He endeavoured, but in vain, to recollect; he was afraid to return home; but as he wished to eat of the meat and of the rice, he ventured.

Oitbha was enraged at his weakness. She dispatched him a third time. "Cry out," said she, "chich peas, chich peas, till you reach the market; if you return without them, I shall beat you severely."

Xailoun was intimidated; he set out, continually crying, *chich peas, chich peas*.

He passed by a corner of a street where a merchant was selling pearls. He cried aloud, *pearls, in the name of God*. Several people came round him, and among the rest, Xailoun; he put his hand into the merchant's box; but, not unmindful of his lesson, cried out, *chich peas, chich peas*.

The merchant believing Xailoun meant to depreciate his goods, gave him a blow. "Why do you strike me?" said Xailoun. "Because you insult me," answered the merchant. "What should I say then?" said Xailoun. "*Pearls, in the name of God*," rejoined the merchant.

"Yes," said Xailoun, "I believe that was what my wife desired me to say." He went on, repeating, in a low tone of voice, *pearls, in the name of God*.

He passed by the shop of a merchant, who had been robbed. His mode of crying pearls, made him to be suspected for the thief. The merchant seized him, but on examination, found that he was an idiot. "Why did you cry that you sold pearls?" "What should I say then," said Xailoun. *That is*

not true, answered the merchant; *that is not true*; and paid no farther attention to the idiot.

That is not true, said Xailoun; let us repeat it again, *that is not true*, lest we should forget it; he repeated aloud, as he went along, *that is not true*.

He passed by a man, who was selling lentils; he cried out, "Lentils in the name of God."

Xailoun, impelled by curiosity, put his hand into the man's sack, like other people, and said *that is not true*.

"What, do you give me the lye?" said the enraged peasant, and at the same time gave him a sound blow. "What should I say?" answered the idiot. "Say as I do," rejoined the rustic; "*lentils, in the name of God.*"

Xailoun continued his cry till he reached the banks of the river, where a fisherman had been for two hours casting in his net, without success. It amused Xailoun to follow him, and say aloud, *lentils, in the name of God*.

The fisherman took Xailoun for a forcerer, who was employing incantations against him, and gave him several heavy blows; but at length, finding that the supposed magician was an idiot, he repented of having used him with such severity. "Stay by my side," said he, "and repeat, *in the name of God, in the place of one, seven of the greatest, and the most powerful.*"

This was a long sentence for Xailoun; but fear made him remember it. As soon as he saw the fisherman engaged about his net, he ran away, crying

out, *In the name of God, in the place of one, seven of the greatest, and most powerful.*

At this instant, the corpse of a Cadi was carrying to the grave. The mollahs were shocked at the horrible imprecations of Xailoun, and reprobated him in the strongest manner. He exclaimed, "My God! my God! what should I have said?"

An old female slave, who followed the funeral, pulled him by the sleeve. "You ought to say," said she, *God preserve his body, and save his soul.*

Xailoun continued to repeat his new lesson, till he met a dead ass, which was drawn on a cart. He followed it, crying aloud, *God preserve his body, and save his soul.*

The crowd who were about the cart reviled him for a blasphemer, and an infidel dog, and began to cudgel him; he darted over one of the wheels of the cart, and ran away.

In this new scene of distress, chance conducted him to the house of his mother-in-law. Several people were assembled there about one of her daughters, who was sick. Xailoun, timid every where but in the streets, did not wish to enter where he saw such a crowd; he kept behind the door, and just shewed half his face.

Xailoun was asked what he wished for—something to eat or drink? He answered in the negative. At last said the invalid, "he must want chich peas."

Xailoun was delighted at the sound. He rushed to the sofa where his sister-in-law was lying, and

embraced her with such violence, that she fainted away.

His mother-in-law flew into a rage. "You horse!" said she, "why do you come here to kill my daughter." Xailoun was surprised to hear himself called a horse; he had been as yet only an afs. His mother-in-law at last found out that he had been sent by his wife for some chich peas, as he had not lost the money that was given to him to purchase them, notwithstanding all his misfortunes.

He went to the merchant, bought the chich peas, and returned home in triumph.

All that Oitbha could clearly collect from him, was, that he had been with her mother, and that her sister was sick.

Oitbha set out the next day to visit her sister; she first suckled her infant, and ordered Xailoun to rock the cradle if the child should cry; to give the afs water if she should be thirsty; and to feed an hatching hen.

Xailoun saw the hen scratching her head with her claws. "Oh!" said he, "this poor fowl must have vermin: when I have had vermin, my wife combed me; therefore I shall comb the fowl."

He feared, however, the comb did not exactly answer; he took up a large pin, and thrust it with such violence through the hen's head, that she instantly expired.

To increase his sorrows, the afs now began to bray: he opened the door, and let her and the young one out, saying, "You have frequently carried me

to the river ; now you must go there without me." So the afs was set at large, to range through the streets of Bagdad.

Xailoun now had a double employment, to hatch the hen's eggs, which he found were growing cold, and to rock his child's cradle. The infant now began to cry out for nourishment, and Xailoun, but to no purpose, endeavoured to supply the place of a nurse.

His wife now rapped at the door. She had found the afs and her colt in the streets, and therefore supposed that Xailoun had but badly executed her other commissions.

She heard the cries of her child. " Fool," said she, " open the door." " I cannot," said Xailoun ; " I am hatching and nursing." Oitbha burst the door open.

She first suckled her child, and then looked about. " Who killed this hen ?" said she. " I have killed her by combing her," answered Xailoun. " Where are the eggs ?" said Oitbha. " I am hatching them," answered Xailoun.

Oitbha now lost all patience ; she gave him a blow, which destroyed his poise, and the eggs were broken.

Oitbha was but little troubled about the loss of the hen and the eggs ; but she was really distressed that her husband was such an idiot.

Oitbha, now possessed of a competency, wished Xailoun to remain at home, that he might not be exposed any more to ridicule and disgrace ; but it

was impossible to control his rambling disposition. He still wished to be *changed*, and was anxious about the means.

“ I have prayed,” said he, “ to God to *change* me; but he has not heard me, neither within nor without the walls of Bagdad; it is perhaps my fault and not his. Is it not said that a good Mussulman should turn to the south when he prays? God must be then in the south; I shall go and search for him, and he will hear me.”

Absorbed in those reflections, he left the city at a considerable distance behind him. He got into a thick forest: he was surprised at the height of the trees, but wondered that they bore no fruit.

As Xailoun advanced, he heard a loud noise; his unfortunate curiosity impelled him on, and he fell into the midst of a band of robbers, who were dividing a considerable booty. They would, perhaps, have murdered Xailoun, but were prevented by their pursuers. They fled, leaving both Xailoun and the plunder.

Xailoun was now seized, as an accomplice with the robbers, and lodged in one of the prisons of Bagdad.

Fetah, a notorious thief, was confined in the same dungeon with Xailoun: he soon found out the stupidity of his companion, and his wish to be *changed*. Fetah now formed a plan for his own escape: his complexion, hair, and eyebrows were naturally fair, but he had blackened them before he had committed the last robbery. Xailoun had likewise a fair com-

plexion, and the robber promised him that he should undergo a thorough *change*. He washed away the black from his own face, and rubbed over Xailoun's with some stuff of the same colour. They afterwards exchanged cloaths, and a complete metamorphoses was produced.

Some of the robbers had been taken, and examined; they declared that Xailoun was an idiot, and that they had amused themselves in terrifying him. The Judge ordered that he should be set at liberty. Fetah, the supposed idiot, was dismissed, with a slight reprimand. "Go," said the Magistrate, "and be less foolish, if possible, for the future."

Xailoun was now led out for execution. He committed several follies; but the Judge considered them only as the contrivances of Fetah, to avoid punishment.

Xailoun would have experienced a *thorough change*, but for the arrival of Oitbha. She had searched through the city for him with the utmost anxiety; and hearing that an idiot was confined in prison, she hastened there, but learnt that he had been dismissed: she then went home, and not finding her husband, returned back to the prison.

The supposed Fetah was on the road to the place destined for his execution. The blackness of his face, eyes, and beard, prevented his wife from knowing him; yet still she thought his gait and manner were Xailoun's.

When they were without the gate of the city, Xailoun saw a Kardouon, sitting on a heap of stones.

He stopped short. "Good day, my cousin," said he. The guards desired him to go on. He answered, that he wished to talk to his cousin, to know if he was *changed*.

The Judge and the guards were astonished at his stupidity, whether real or feigned. Oitbha now recognised him; and lifting up her veil, fell at the feet of the Magistrate.

She assured him that her unfortunate husband was not the robber Fetah, but a weak, harmless idiot. She took an handkerchief, and wiped the black from his face, and several who were present then recollected Xailoun.

The Magistrate ordered a suspension of the execution, till the Caliph's pleasure should be known. A mandate soon came from the Commander of the Faithful for the acquittal of Xailoun.

Oitbha took him home, and treated him with severity. She wished to frighten him from going in search of adventures; but it was impossible to alter his disposition.

He now resolved to go to the palace of God, and intreat of him that he might be *changed*. One day he escaped from his wife, and ran through the city, demanding of every body where was the palace of God? They brought him to a mosque. "This is not the palace of God," said he; "but the place where prayers are performed to Mahomet for Mussulmen." He went on inquiring, till he arrived at the Caliph's palace. One of the door-keepers heard

him, and finding out his character, thought the Caliph might be amused with him.

The door-keeper led Xailoun into the Divan, and ordered him to fall prostrate before the throne, and to prefer his petition.

What little understanding Xailoun had, now totally forsook him. His wife, his house, his street, the strokes of the cudgel, his transformation into a scullion, into an ass, into an ox, into an evil genius, into a forcerer, into a nurse, into an hen, into a robber on the point of being hanged, were all jumbled together in his strange recital: he concluded with saying, "O! my God, since you understand my request, *change* me, so that my wife may not know me; that I may not know myself: *change* me more effectually than you have *changed* our ass, for she still receives some blows."

Haroun could scarcely refrain from laughing; he ordered Xailoun to be conducted into an apartment, where he should be *changed*.

A splendid repast, and rich wines, were set before Xailoun; he ate with a good appetite, and as the wine, of which he drank copiously, was mixed with a powerful opiate, he soon fell asleep.

Whilst he slept, every possible art was employed to decorate his person: the dull and ponderous Xailoun was changed into a beautiful angel; when he awoke, he found himself in a magnificent hall, under a rich canopy, and seated on a splendid sofa; four mirrors reflected and multiplied his person.

The feast of Flowers* was this night celebrated in the palace, and the Caliph fancied the transformation of Xailoun would augment the gaiety of the festival.

Xailoun was surprised to find himself environed by angels; he ran to the mirrors; he felt them, and examined them with all the attention he was master of. At last he exclaimed, "where is Xailoun?"

A voice loud, yet melodious, answered, "seek not for that Xailoun, whom his wife used to beat; you were he, but you are now *changed*, as you desired."

Xailoun demanded, who were those beautiful youths round the hall, who advanced towards him, when he approached them, who kissed him, and had the ends of their noses so cold; he was informed that they were *his* portraits.

"Since God is so rich," continued Xailoun, "speak to him to give me those portraits, that I may carry them to my wife."

"What!" answered the voice, "would you leave God, and return to your wife, who beats you?" "She will beat me no more," said Xailoun, "since I have been *changed*. We have an infant: and she is again with child; I shall remain both with God and my wife, and shall return here to say my five daily prayers."

Haroun, who was in a covered gallery, saw and heard every thing.

* This feast is celebrated every spring, a mirror and two wax candles are put before each flower.

Xailoun was now brought into the gardens, for the entertainment of the ladies of the court. Nothing could be more brilliant than their appearance. Haroun was seated on his throne, covered with jewels, and surrounded by all the beauty of the east: numberless coloured lamps were hung from the branches of the trees, and a mirror was placed at the stem of each flower. Xailoun was lost in wonder. The most beautiful ladies offered their persons to Xailoun; but Xailoun continued constant to his Oitbha.

Xailoun now got an excellent supper, and was sunk again into a profound sleep; the Caliph proposed to send for Oitbha the next day.

The female slaves and eunuchs of the palace now resolved that Xailoun should afford them some entertainment, without the knowledge of the Caliph. While he was asleep, they stripped him of his rich ornaments, and dressed him in goatskins. His hands were changed into vultures claws; his face was covered with a frightful mask, and furnished with two large glass eyes, of the colour of fire.

He was laid on a mat in a dark vault; two lamps cast a faint light, and some mirrors were fixed against the walls.

The terror of Xailoun was excessive, when he awoke, to find himself transformed from an angel into a devil; the glass, which was before his eyes, represented every thing to him as if on fire. He had, however, one consolation, that all his metamorphoses had been but of a short duration. "Oh!

my God," cried he, "*change* again poor Xailoun, since he has been so badly *changed*."

His prayer was heard. The chief of the eunuchs appeared, who dismissed the slaves with a severe reprimand, and freed Xailoun from his distress.

He was now dressed in a manner suitable to his rank in life; got a new turban; had a comfortable breakfast set before him, of which he ate with a very good appetite.

When the Caliph rose, he ordered Oitbha to be sent for. She had been informed that Xailoun was in the palace. As she was a woman of a quick and penetrating judgement, she saw what was to be done. She took two thousand pieces of gold with her in two purses; covered herself with a new veil, and repaired to the palace.

She prostrated herself before the throne. The Commander of the Faithful bade her rise. She uncovered herself, and said, "what does the Prince of the Mussulmen require from Oitbha, the most humble of his slaves?"

The Caliph told her that he was acquainted with the weakness of her husband, and that if she thought proper, he would dissolve their marriage, and have Xailoun taken care of in one of those houses where he could not suffer any disgrace, nor society feel any inconvenience from his misconduct.

This offer was generously declined by Oitbha. Xailoun, she said, had a weak understanding, but that he was a good Mussulman: "here," said she, "are four thousand pieces of gold, which is our

whole fortune, as a compensation for any mischief he may do in Bagdad."

Haroun felt the noble sentiments of Oitbha. He took both her and Xailoun under his protection; he gave her four thousand pieces of gold, and covered Xailoun with a rich mantle.

Xailoun shewed the cloak instantly to his wife, crying out *changed! changed! changed much for the better!* when he saw the Caliph, he exclaimed, "Claws, horns, Lord God!" and ran behind his wife.

Oitbha having received the present of the Caliph, bowed respectfully, and retired with Xailoun from the palace.

The four thousand pieces of gold she had received from the Caliph, were but a small addition to the vast wealth she possessed; they, however, gave her an opportunity to enjoy her fortune without molestation. It was reported in Bagdad, that Haroun had given her a chest of gold.

She purchased a ready-furnished house, and conveyed her wealth, on the afs, to her new mansion.

She next bought a good mule, and proposed to Xailoun to visit his cousin: the idiot was delighted with the excursion.

Oitbha mounted the afs, and Xailoun, on the mule, followed her. They arrived at the ruins, and the Kardouon, the adopted cousin of Xailoun, was on the heap of stones, which covered the mouth of the cave: on their approach, he hid himself; but

Xailoun had perceived him. "Behold," cried he, "our cousin!"

"We must find out our cousin," said Oitbha. Xailoun removed, with chearfulness, the stones, and lifted up the trap door. She went down, and filled four bags with gold, but left behind her several vases of the same precious metal. The mouth of the cave was then closed by Xailoun; the ass and mule were loaded with the treasure; and Oitbha returned with her husband to Bagdad.

She now began to enjoy the comforts of life. She hired two intelligent slaves to attend on Xailoun: if he was going to commit any absurdity, they were to say, *Oitbha forbids it*; and that formidable sound never failed to produce the desired effect on Xailoun.

Oitbha became not less remarkable for her generosity than her prudence. A merchant in her neighbourhood had failed; she lent him ten thousand sequins; his affairs took a fortunate turn, and he was in a short time able to repay Oitbha.

She kept an excellent table for Xailoun; and the officers of the Caliph frequently dined there: Xailoun uttered but few follies; the slaves constantly prepared an answer for him.

Oitbha lived happily with Xailoun; she gave an excellent education to her children, and settled them all comfortably in Bagdad. She continued to attract the esteem and good will of every body, till her death, which happened soon after her husband's; and she was long regretted by her friends and acquaintance.

Scheherazade next related the adventures of the Princess Ilsetilfone, daughter of Haroun Alraschid, and of Simoustapha.

*The Adventures of SIMOUSTAPHA and of the Princess
ILSETILFONE.*

IN the reign of Haroun Alraschid, a young man, of elegant manners, and distinguished beauty, came to settle at Bagdad. He purchased an house, which had belonged to one of the most considerable persons in the city. He embellished the gardens, and new fitted-up the different apartments; in a word, he changed this small palace into a cook's shop, so extensive and well appointed, that such had never been before seen in Bagdad, or perhaps in any other city of Asia.

The guests were served on plate and porcelaine, by slaves dressed in the neatest manner: the pastry, and other dishes, were dressed in a superior stile; so that the elegance of the Caliph's table was eclipsed, and the palm for cookery was borne away by this extraordinary young man, who was called Simoustapha.

His beautiful figure, his engaging and polished manners, and the good entertainment which he gave, soon filled his house with company; amongst whom were to be found the rich, the gay, and the voluptuous.

His fame reached the ears of Haroun, and had not that Prince been too much employed about state affairs, he would probably have gone in disguise, and tasted the fauces of Simouftapha.

The slaves, and especially the women, of the palace, constantly called at his shop, and brought from thence some ragout or tartlet.

But his most constant customer was Namouna, who had attended on the Princess Ifetilsone from her cradle. Ifetilsone was the Caliph's best-beloved daughter, and the only fruit of his marriage with Zobeïde, whom he esteemed most of his wives, and to whom he was attached after her death.

Namouna enjoyed the liberty which was allowed to persons of her age: she walked every day through the streets of Bagdad. The little children knew her under her veil, and saluted her by name, when they saw her.

Simouftapha, naturally obliging to every body, was particularly so to her. He made her sit down; served her first; and, by his address and conversation, he conferred on her those attentions and civilities, which please without embarrassing.

The good old woman was charmed with such politeness. She said to herself, "beautiful young man, may the heavens bless you! you do not despise old age." She constantly informed the Princess of what occurred in the city, and she always concluded with the praises of the charming Simouftapha.

"His discourse," said she, "is so pleasing, the sound of his voice is so soft, so tender, that even his

words would pass for the current coin of the empire. His appearance is as noble as his actions, and he is more beautiful than Joseph the son of Jacob. God guard her from evil who shall be tempted to take hold of his garment ; but it would be to no purpose, for he is modest as the dove.

“ He is,” continued she, “ worthy of a Queen ; he is more beautiful than all the princes of the earth ; a look of his, could almost give me a second youth. I believe it is by the magic of his eyes that he seasons his pastry : nothing can be finer than the smell of his cakes ; his kitchen shines as if it was hung with mirrors ; the pavement is of polished marble, and the utensils shed a dazzling splendor. Seven youths, dressed like bridegrooms, are employed by Simoustapha, but he appears among them, like the moon amid the seven stars. When each dish is ready, he puts to it the finishing hand, that secret, that inexpressible charm, which is attached to every thing he does.”

The old woman, at length, by her constant panegyrics on Simoustapha, unintentionally kindled in the bosom of the Princess, a lively and dangerous flame.

Isfetilsone wished to conceal, even from herself, her passion for a pastry-cook ; but love is all-powerful ! She soon lost her sleep, her appetite, and repose of mind, and fell into a state of languor, which alarmed the tenderness of Haroun.

Namouna lamented the situation of her mistress, and, by her sighs, guessed the cause of her inquietude.

A trifling circumstance soon determined her conjectures.

Two days had passed since the Princess had taken any sustenance. "I see," said Namouna, "that I must get you a dish dressed by my friend Simoustapha."

The charming Ilsetilfone smiled, and said nothing. The old woman hastened to the shop, and brought a ragout, prepared by the hand of Simoustapha himself. She offered him a hundred sequins, which he declined accepting.

The Princess tasted the ragout, found it delicious, and ate it all. The eyes of Namouna sparkled with joy at the discovery she had made; she praised the complaisance, the readiness, and address of Simoustapha.

"He believed," said she, "that the ragout was for my daughter; he instantly dressed it; I offered him an hundred sequins, but he would take nothing; he was content in conferring an obligation.

After Ilsetilfone had finished her repast, she sunk into her former melancholy. Namouna earnestly entreated to know the cause of her sorrow, assuring her that she might rely on the secrecy and affection of her old faithful slave.

Ilsetilfone acknowledged that love was the source of her affliction, but that her passion was a disgrace; that her destiny seemed to be unavoidable; that she had seen the object of her affections in a dream; that he was beautiful as the angel, who poured out

the sherbet for Mahomet, when he entered the seventh heaven.

“Namouna,” continued the Princess, with a confused air, “while the sovereigns of the East are contending for my love, and are daily exposing themselves to the mortifying refusals of the Caliph my father, I, who am the daughter of the Commander of the Faithful, of the King of the Kings of the Earth; I, who am the object of the affection and ambition of so many Princes, would be happy to be united for ever to”——

“To Simoustapha,” replied the old woman; “name him boldly; his name is a panegyric; there are many crowns on the earth, and were all to fall on the head of Simoustapha, there is not one of them would be misplaced. There are an hundred kings, but only one Simoustapha.”

“Take care, Namouna,” said Ifsetilsone, “you are going to complete my ruin.” “Who, I! my Princess,” answered the old slave: “I love you more than life. May the angel of death close my eyes, when I have seen you happy. We must visit Simoustapha together, and if he is the person whom you have beheld twice in a dream, fate declares you irrevocably his, and I shall instantly become the instrument of your destiny.”

“But how shall I see him,” rejoined Ifsetilsone, “without exposing myself?” “Leave that to me,” said the old woman. “Rest well this night, for sleep shall refresh the roses of your complexion, and recall the carnation of your lips. To-morrow you

shall see your lover, and find if it was he who was presented to you in those delightful dreams you have mentioned." Ilsetilfone was somewhat comforted, and retired to bed.

The next day, the old woman repaired to the shop of Simoustapha. She ordered him to dress a dinner with his own hand for the Princess Ilsetilfone, and to send it to the palace. She directed him to be at one of the private doors in the evening, and promised him an interview with the daughter of the Caliph.

Ten slaves carried the repast prepared by Simoustapha to the palace: the Princess ate with a good appetite, and presented each of the slaves with five pieces of gold.

Simoustapha, encouraged by the reception his slaves had met with, dressed himself in the most advantageous manner, and hastened to the appointed place. Namouna waited to open the door. The Princess, suspended between hope, love, and fear, beheld him from the terrace of the palace. "This is he," said she, "whom I have twice seen in a dream; he appeared to me the first time in this dress; the second time, his garments were so splendid, that I could scarce bear their lustre.

Simoustapha had now reached the apartment destined for their interview. The Princess came in at another door. When she appeared, the young man bowed respectfully, and remained silent.

"You are," said Ilsetilfone, "the cook Simoustapha, of whom I have heard so advantageous a cha-

rafter?" "More honour has been done me than I deserve," answered Simouftapha.

"I cannot agree with you on that point," said the Princess. "Your manners and address are infinitely superior to your situation in life. But what motive could have induced you to chuse Bagdad for your residence?"

"Illustrious Princess," answered Simouftapha, "if you with your slave should speak with sincerity, take away that veil, which diminishes his confidence. I have already suffered too much in being deprived of admiring those charms, which are still concealed from my view."

"You have been but a year at Bagdad," said the Princess. "How then can you speak of long torments? When could they have begun?" "From the moment," answered Simouftapha, "that I first felt that passion, which can only end with my life."

"An imperious law," rejoined Ilsetilsone, "prevents me from lifting up my veil." "A respectful timidity," answered Simouftapha, "retains my secret within my lips."

"We lose time by this trifling," said the good Namouna. "We hazard the appearance of the chief of the eunuchs, who will soon take his rounds." Having said this, she approached the Princess, and tore away her veil.

All was admiration and ecstasy! The two lovers gazed in silent transport. A quarter of an hour passed away, when Namouna urged the necessity of their separation. Their eyes were bathed in tears;

and a stranger would have supposed that they were under the influence of an habitual passion.

Languor again possessed the soul of Ilsetilsone, and she sighed for a second meeting with the adorable Simoustapha. By the advice of Namouna, she affected indisposition, and when visited by Haroun and Zobeïde, she requested permission to go to the bath one day, and on another day to visit the shops of the city. Simoustapha was apprised of this plan by Namouna, and prepared for an interview with his charming Ilsetilsone.

On the appointed day, after the hour of prayer, Ilsetilsone, attended by sixty beautiful slaves, descended from the palace. All was solitary and silent in the streets of Bagdad. Orders had been issued, that every person should retire, lest the progress of the Princess should be interrupted. She went to the baths, which were nearest to the house of her lover, and having dismissed her slaves, she submitted herself to the guidance of Namouna.

They found Simoustapha, in a rustic grotto in his garden, where he had provided a magnificent collation. They were attended by Namouna and a mute of Simoustapha. They ate but little, and spoke less; their eyes uttered the sentiments of their souls. The Princess at length broke silence. "O Simoustapha!" said she, "I love you, and can love but you alone, notwithstanding the disparity of our rank. Let us swear," continued she, "to live for each other, notwithstanding every obstacle that may obstruct our union."

"I swear by our holy prophet," answered Simoustapha.

Kisses, mingled with tears, confirmed the oath.

Namouna, who was of a gay disposition, and incapable of understanding that pleasing melancholy, which is one of the elegant refinements of love, exclaimed, "fools! who pass your time in weeping, instead of mirth! how I hate languid lovers! eat, drink, and be joyous." She set several dishes before them, and made them drink out of the same cup.

Namouna then wished for musick. The mute, at the nod of his master, brought several instruments, which were exquisitely touched both by the Princess and Simoustapha.

Namouna now informed them that it was time to separate, lest the absence of the Princess might create suspicion amongst her eunuchs and slaves.—They shed a torrent of tears, and Ilsetilsone was only supported by the expectation of beholding again the incomparable Simoustapha.

On the return of the Princess to the palace, the Caliph and Zobeïde inquired with anxiety about her health. They were delighted to see that her complexion looked clearer, and that her melancholy appeared less settled. It was determined that she should rest for two days, and then make a second excursion into the city. The criers were ordered to announce to the public the will of the Commander of the Faithful.

"Ah! what two tedious days!" said the Princess; "conceive my situation, dear Namouna, dur-

ing this cruel interval; how can I live at a distance from Simouftapha?"

"I should pass those two days," answered Namouna, "in sleeping, eating, drinking, and entertaining myself, besides meditating at times on the happiness I should have in soon beholding my beautiful Simouftapha. But what do ye gain by an interview? ye spend the time, crying like children. Had I an adventure of this sort, I should act in another manner. "You are not, Namouna, the daughter of the Caliph," answered the Princess, "and my lover, though worthy of a crown, is but a"— "Finish the sentence, Madam," said Namouna, with some warmth "is but a cook. But be he what he may, he is superior to all the Princes of the east." "You are a fool," rejoined Ifsetilsone." "Very possible," said the old woman; "but one of us should laugh, otherwise this palace would soon become the house of mourning. Take care of yourself, and see that you do not appear in the streets of Bagdad like a living mummy."

In the mean time Simouftapha made the most splendid preparations to entertain his mistress. Services of gold, enriched with precious stones, supplied the place of silver and porcelaine; the house was filled with perfumes; and every thing announced the magnificence and elegance of the master.

Two days had now elapsed, when Ifsetilsone came forth from the palace, bright as the morning star from the chambers of the sun; she descended into the streets of Bagdad, followed by her slaves.

As she approached the shop of her lover, she went into all the houses she met; when she found her women and eunuchs employed in examining different things, and that their attention was sufficiently fixed, she entered immediately with Namouna, into the house of Simoustapha, where the mute alone remained.

Simoustapha, in the morning, had informed his servants, that the daughter of the Caliph was to pass through the streets of Bagdad; he advised them to go to some distance; to dine beyond the rivers of Ialla and Ilphara, and take with them whatever might be necessary for their refreshment. An injunction of this sort, accompanied by some pieces of gold, appeared to them very agreeable.

Ilsetilfone had passed from the shop into the garden; the mute had made a sign; and the two lovers were instantly folded in the arms of each other.

This, like the former, was an interview of sighs and tears, blended, however, with the lively raillery of Namouna. Ilsetilfone was astonished at the wealth of Simoustapha. Every thing was in a stile of superlative magnificence. She could not conceive how a cook could be possessed of such treasures.—Simoustapha now presented her with a diamond of uncommon size and brilliancy, as a pledge of his love. The curiosity of the Princess was excited; she wished to know his story. Simoustapha assured her he would soon have it in his power to gratify her, but deprecated entering on the subject at present. The two lovers were obliged, at length, to

separate; they obeyed, with reluctance, the mandate of Namouna.

Haroun and Zobeïde waited with impatience for the return of their beloved daughter, and were delighted with the symptoms of her returning health.

After the departure of Ilsetilfone, Simouftapha began to consider about the means he should employ to obtain the object of his affections. He flew to his cabinet; there he preserved the inestimable gifts of a sage, to whose instructions he had been indebted for his education; there were books of science; there were receipts for the most useful compounds; and amongst the rest, a box made of a single precious stone: this box was to be opened only on the last emergency, and where all natural means must be inefficacious.

Simouftapha took up the box, which was covered with a paper, on which were written, by the hand of his wise preceptor, the necessary instructions.

After having apostrophized to his departed friend, the sage Benalab, he felt an increase of courage; he then took the box, broke the seal, and pronounced with vehemence, the words of the incantation, of which he had the copy before him. *My dear box! my only hope! grant me thy protection, in the name of the friend who gave you to me; succour me in my distress, I conjure you, in the name of thy mistress.*

Simouftapha had no sooner uttered those powerful words, than the flame of the candles began to sparkle and crackle; a solemn sound like thunder, when the forerunner of the storm, was heard; the

box opened of itself, and a thick vapour spread through the apartment.

The cloud at length dispersed, and a shapeless mass appeared, Simoustapha, with undaunted courage, asked, "who are you? who has sent you here?"

"My mistress," answered the horrible figure. "I obey the orders of Benalab, and of him, who is under his protection."

"Who is your mistress?" rejoined Simoustapha; "I command you to tell me her name."

"I cannot tell you, without her permission," answered the spectre. "Return to her," said Simoustapha; "tell her, that the friend of the sage Benalab wishes to tread in the steps of his master; that he wishes to put himself under her protection, and to know the name of that power, who has interested herself in his favour." The Genius disappeared, and returned like a flash of lightning.

"Your petition is allowed of," said he; "you are the scholar of Benalab; he has recommended you as a second self. My mistress is the Queen of the Genii. She is called Setelpedour Ginatille, (that is) the star of the Seven Seas. I shall be all obedience to your commands. My figure, perhaps, may be disagreeable to you; therefore mention any that may be more pleasing, and I shall instantly assume it," "Take," said Simoustapha, "the appearance of Jemal, the first slave who was attached to my service, and whom I had the misfortune to lose." "I shall obey you with joy," answered the Genius.

He retired into a corner of the apartment, was dissolved into vapour, and again emerged from the cloud, in the shape of a beautiful young man.—“What are your commands?” said he to Simouftapha. “I am more your slave than ever Jemal was.”

“I love the charming Ifetilsone, the daughter of the Caliph,” answered Simouftapha. “She makes a suitable return to my affection; but can I be united to her under the auspices of the powerful Queen of the Genii, without the consent of our parents? Fly, Jemal,” continued he, “and bring me, an immediate answer. My happiness depends on you.”

The fictitious Jemal disappeared, and almost instantly returned. “Our sovereign admits of your union,” said the Genius, “and to-morrow evening the Princess shall be transported hither.”

The next day Simouftapha was employed in making preparations for the entertainment of his beloved Ifetilsone; and when the sun had set, he went into the bath, and afterwards dressed himself in the most superb manner.

When the shades of night had covered the city of Bagdad, the eunuchs and slaves of the palace were cast into a heavy sleep by the Genius, and the same invisible power conveyed the slumbering Ifetilsone to the mansion of Simouftapha.

The Princess was placed on the bridal couch; her lover approached with trembling ardour. “What a pity,” said he, “to disturb repose so delightful! Perhaps I may never make her so happy as she is at

present." He ventured, however, to kiss the roses of her lips. The magic of love overcame the enchantment of the Genius; and Ilsetilsone opened her beautiful eyes.

"Ah! what a delicious dream!" cried she. "It is no dream," said the amorous Simoustapha; "you are with him, who in a few moments shall be your husband."

"My husband!" replied Ilsetilsone; "by what uncommon stroke of good fortune?"

"Calm your emotion, O Queen of my soul!" said Simoustapha. "Heaven had long since destined us for each other, and now unites us together for life. But before our nuptials, know the lot of Simoustapha; behold before you the heir of the great Hilmar, the sovereign of the Indies."

Simoustapha then shewed her a diamond of the most dazzling lustre, on which were engraved those words, "*given by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to his dear Simoustapha, son of his brother Hilmar, great King of the Indies.*"

What a pleasing discovery for the tender Ilsetilsone! to find that her lover was changed from a pastry-cook into one of the greatest Princes of the East. "But why," said she, "did you degrade yourself? why did you appear in such an humble situation?"

"It must be set down to the account of love," said the Prince. "Nothing remains for us now to do, but take the celestial beings as witnesses to our union, till our parents shall have given their con-

sent." "May Mahomet, the stars, and the star of the seven Seas," said they together, "be present at our oaths. And may their divine influence be far from us, if we ever break those solemn engagements, which we have entered into this day." The heavens answered to their invocation, by a clap of thunder; an invisible arm spread a thick darkness; the lights were extinguished, and the lovers left alone.

Ilsetilsone was anxious to know why the Prince of the Indies had wished to conceal his illustrious birth. He informed her that having often heard of the fame of her beauty, he had become attached to her; that having afterwards seen her in a dream, he had become the slave of love; that his health began to be impaired, and the power of medicine to be exhausted: during his illness, Benalab, his preceptor, who was a Persian philosopher, had been employed in gathering plants on the Armenian mountains. When the Sage returned to the court of India, he was grieved to see the declining health of his pupil. After having considered for some time, he whispered in his ear, "I know your malady; Ilsetilsone is the cause."

Benalab proposed a sea voyage as necessary for the restoration of the Prince's health; and to relieve his parents from anxiety, he shewed them a rose bush, almost withered; he put some sand and earth about it, and added some drops of an Elixir. "As this plant," said he, "shall revive again, loaded with leaves and flowers, so shall the health of your son be re-established. The angel of death would have smote

him here, but he shall recover elsewhere ; have confidence in Benalab."

The rose bush resumed its beauty ; the Prince, accompanied by the Sage, departed ; they arrived at Bagdad, and set up a cook's shop ; they hoped the exquisite flavour of their viands would make them known to the Princess. Here Benalab paid the debt of nature, leaving his royal pupil overwhelmed with sorrow.

Ifsetilsone was charmed with the narrative of Simoustapha, and notwithstanding the delightful sensations she had experienced, she still doubted of the reality of what had passed. Simoustapha explained to her what use he had made of the box of Benalab, and what farther assistance he expected from it.

Half the night had passed, when, upon a signal agreed on between the Prince and the Genius, the apartments were instantly lighted up, an agreeable concert was heard, and a sumptuous repast was served up.

Six beautiful female slaves, whom the fictitious Jemal had procured from the Queen of the Genii, attended on Ifsetilsone. After the banquet, the Princess seemed to be still desirous of repose. Simoustapha again conducted her to the nuptial couch ; the door was closed, and the lights again extinguished.

At day-break, the Genius conveyed Ifsetilsone back to the palace, and then flew on a whirlwind to the Queen of the Genii, to inform her of what he had done during the night.

“Kauffak,” said Setelpedour to the Genius, “have you executed my commands respecting the pupil of my favourite Benalab?”

“Great Queen of the Genii,” answered Kauffak, “I have obeyed your orders with punctuality. Simoustapha and Ilsetilsone are married; Ilsetilsone is brighter than the stars of the firmament, and Simoustapha rivals the splendor of the sun.

The heart of Setelpedour was touched by the description; she began to sigh for a mortal; she commanded the Genius to bring them to her palace the following night.

As soon as the inhabitants of Bagdad were sunk in repose, the Princess was conveyed by the Genius to the mansion of Simoustapha; and when the two lovers were locked in the arms of sleep, they were transported by the same supernatural power to the palace of the Queen of the Genii.

Setelpedour expected them with impatience; she ordered them to be laid on a magnificent sofa; she, for a considerable time, contemplated their beauty. Ilsetilsone, she thought charming; but Simoustapha, she considered as divine. She imprinted kisses on the lips of Ilsetilsone, that she might uncensured, take the same liberty with Simoustapha.

Though the Queen of Ginnistan felt the passion of love in its full force, yet she was still kind and benevolent to her fortunate rival. She put a beautiful collar round her neck, and a diamond of the first brightness and magnitude on her finger. The names

of Ilsetilsone and Simoustapha were engraved on the inside of the ring.

She twisted a chain of diamonds through the hair of the Indian Prince, and put on his finger a ring still more beautiful than that she had given to the Princess. She ordered for them, dresses enriched with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, and then directed the Genius to carry them back to the house of Simoustapha.

When the lovers awoke, they were surprised at the splendour of their garments. The Prince opened his box, and the Genius appeared. "Tell me, Jemal," said he, "whence this profusion of riches?" "From the hand which has favoured the union of you and the Princess," replied the Genius. "Return to her our best acknowledgements," added the Prince; "the effusions of two hearts overflowing with gratitude."

The lovers again fell asleep, and at day-break, the Princess was transported to the Caliph's palace by Jemal, who then flew to Ginnistan, and informed Setelpedour how her gifts had been received.

The Queen of the Genii felt herself wounded with the shafts of love, and for a mortal. "Do I not humble myself," said she, "to think of one of the sons of Adam? Yet would not any of my equals have been happy to have been in the good graces of the great Solomon? Did not a Queen come to him from the remotest regions of the South *?"

* It is an opinion commonly received in the East, that the Queen of Sheba, who came to visit Solomon, was a female Genius.

She ordered the Genius to return to Simoustapha, and if he perceived in him the least inclination to know his benefactress, to bring him instantly to her palace.

When Jemal regained the apartment of Simoustapha, he found him reclining on a sofa, and the magic vision still floating round him.

"Jemal," said the Prince of India to the Genius, when he appeared before him, "if it were not an indiscretion, I should desire you to conduct me to my benefactress, the Queen of the Genii, that I might humble myself before her."

"I shall obey," answered the Genius, "the master of the enchanted box; I shall obey the favourite of the brilliant star of the seven seas, which divide the earth."

Simoustapha was instantly wafted into the empire of Ginnistan, where Setelpedour made a full display of her wealth and power, and explained to the Prince of India the secret feelings of her heart. "Mahomet," said she, "has allowed the true believer to have more than one wife." "Oh! my Queen," replied Simoustapha, "conceive the torture of your slave, whose assent or refusal to what you ask seems equally impossible."

The Queen of the Genii was satisfied with the answer of the Prince of India. She then informed him that the box of Benalab had belonged to an Egyptian wizzard, called Mamouk, who had been guilty of many evil practices, for which she had deprived him of it, and had punished Kaussak (the present Je-

mal) for his too servile complaisance to a corrupt master ; that Mamouk still lived, and had a son as wicked as himself ; that they were detested in Ginnistan, but were favoured by the evil Genii : “ Mamouk,” continued Setelpedour, “ is still powerful, and labours incessantly to recover the box of Benalab. Beware, therefore, of Egyptians, and of every thing which comes from Egypt.”

The Queen of the Genii then took a tender leave of Simoustapha, and he was in an instant transported to Bagdad by Jemal.

Simoustapha, when they met, related to Ilsetilsone his adventures in Ginnistan. His narrative occasioned neither suspicion nor jealousy ; she considered it as a necessary consequence, that every heart should pay homage to his superior merit.

When Simoustapha mentioned the precautions he was desired to take against Mamouk the Egyptian, the former possessor of the enchanted box, the Princess wished he would return a gift so dangerous to the Queen ; but then without this supernatural aid, their private interviews must be at an end. Every fear yielded to this consideration. “ Shut your doors and windows,” said Ilsetilsone, “ even against the breeze which may blow from Egypt.”

While they were endeavouring to secure their repose at Bagdad, a dreadful tempest was brewing in Ginnistan.

Whenever Kauffak flew back from the mansion of Simoustapha to the palace of Setelpedour, he was always lavish in his encomiums on Ilsetilsone and

the Prince of India; the glowing picture which he drew still increased the passion of the Queen of Ginistan. "The daughter of the Caliph," said he, "has made the only son of the King of India forget his duty; he has neglected to inform his father of his adventures; and if I did not constantly renew the verdure of the rose-bush, which had acquired a second spring from the hand of Benalab, his parents would be plunged in the depth of sorrow. Jemal," continued he, "you must deliver your young master from this dangerous enchantment. Place yourself between them; breathe an infectious odour round Ilsetilsone, and"—

"Great Queen, I obey you," said the Genius. "Stay, wretch!" said Setelpedour, "you are more ready to do evil than good. Stay, or I shall change you into a monster. I charge you to guard them with care, and obey their commands."

Jemal withdrew. He could not read the soul of his Sovereign; he supposed she had wished to try whether his disposition was changed.

Setelpedour still continued a prey to her passion. She resolved to consult Asmonchar*, her Grand Vizir, about her marriage with Simoustapha. That subtle spirit, who wished rather to harass than assist his mistress, advised her to assemble a Divan. The mind of Setelpedour was too much engaged, to penetrate into the designs of Asmonchar.

As soon as the faithless Vizir had received orders for convening an assembly of the Genii, he hastened

* Asmodeus.

to his grandfather Bahlishboull*, the oldest and most wicked spirit in Ginnistan, and informed him of the intentions of the Queen. Bahlishboull desired him to summon the Divan.

When the Council had assembled, the aged and evil Bahlishboull was brought in by his attendants. "Pardon me, Oh, my Sovereign!" said this dangerous politician, "if I have been slow in obeying your orders. Time has consumed my strength; ages have wasted my wings; and I still feel the wounds which I received from Michael, whom I combated by the side of your grandfather, the great Kokopilefobe †.

Asmonchar now opened the business for which the Divan had been summoned; and Setelpedour asked the opinion of Bahlishboull.

After a long detail of events, Bahlishboull, with seeming dissatisfaction, mentioned a law, which was adverse to the wishes of the Queen. It was as follows:

A Genius cannot give his hand but to a virgin, and a married man cannot become your husband, without the loss of all your privileges and power.

Setelpedour now secretly cursed the law, and the interpreter, and unravelled, without difficulty, the artifices of Bahlishboull, and Asmonchar.

After paying several compliments to Bahlishboull, the Queen asked him if the law might not be evaded?

* Belzebub.

† One of the Arabic names for Lucifer.

“ Doubtless it may,” replied the Genius; “ but you must acknowledge the superiority of Mahomet.”

The proposal of Bahlishboull astonished the assembly, who were unacquainted with his motive. Setelpedour still affecting to repose in him the utmost confidence, demanded the form of abjuration, which she should pronounce.

“ You must pronounce aloud,” said the Genius, “ *Cursed be thou Kokopilefobe! thou, thy ambition, and thy projects; you may then make the declaration of your new faith, there is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.*”

The Queen appeared ready to utter those important words; Bahlishboull cast a significant look on Asmonchar, and the Divan waited with anxiety for the event. Setelpedour at length spoke to the old Genius: “ write the form for me, before I pronounce it.” “ My hand trembles too much,” said Bahlishboull. “ You shall take your time,” answered the Queen; “ and when I have signed it, you and Asmonchar shall carry it to Mahomet.” “ I can neither write nor move,” rejoined the Genius. “ I must then,” said the Queen, “ pronounce the form of abjuration as well as I can recollect it.” She rose, and spoke thus:

Cursed be thou for ever, wicked Bahlishboull! who poisoned, by thy abominable flattery, the heart of my grandfather: cursed be thou Prince of discord! cursed be thou and all thy race for ever! cursed be thou, and thy grandson Asmonchar! who, instead of leading me in the right way, had dug a pit for my destruction:

your wings shall be torn away! ye shall be hurled to the earth! ye shall grovel in the dust! such is your lot! such is my decree!

The mandate of the Queen was instantly obeyed, and the Divan broke up.

Setelpedour now languished to behold Simoustapha; she flew to Bagdad, and supped with him and Ilsetilsone. She gave them new proofs of her affection; she desired Simoustapha to beware of Mamouk; "remember," said she, "to shut your doors and windows against every thing that comes from Egypt." Having charged them to take particular care of the rings she had given them, as they would be of essential service in the hour of danger, she embraced them tenderly, and disappeared.

For some time, all was a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Jemal executed the orders he received with punctuality. Ilsetilsone spent every night with her lover, and every morning returned to the palace of the Caliph: and Simoustapha was wasted to Ginnistan every third day, to pay his homage to the *star of the Seven Seas*. But while the soul of the Prince of India was relaxed by pleasure, the breast of the Egyptian Mamouk breathed nothing but vengeance against the possessor of the enchanted box, which he wished to recover again.

The hateful Magician had seen the star of Benalab wax pale; he followed it; it appeared no more; it was a presage of death. This wicked man, who trembled at the power of the Persian sage, could now, without danger, regain the treasure of which the

Queen of the Genii had deprived him; but it was necessary to find out first into whose hands the box had fallen.

He chose the first equinox, the most favourable time for those who hold converse with the evil spirits. He described his circle, and uttered his incantations; he explored the chambers of darkness with a candle of green wax, by whose melancholy light he discovered all the adventures of Benalab and the Prince of India, after their departure from the court of Hilmar, till their arrival at Bagdad. He saw that Benalab was dead, and that the magic box was in the possession of Simoustapha.

Naraes, the son of Mamouk, as wicked as his father, assisted him in his conjurations. They beheld the star of the box; it was armed with points of steel, and encompassed with a circle of fire. The Necromancers were not daunted; they resolved to hazard every thing for a treasure so valuable. Mamouk dug a trench in his garden, at the foot of an hillock; a fountain instantly bubbled up; he shewed it to his son, and said,

“ Behold this spring, the faithful mirror of my fortune; while the water is clear, be at ease on my account; if you see it disturbed, send me succour; if it is tinged with blood, I am no more. Then endeavour to revenge my death!”

Mamouk now left his son; he changed himself into an owl; he flew from the upper Egypt towards Arabia; the star, which shone over Bagdad, directed his journey, and he arrived there.

It was now morning ; he stopped in the midst of those beautiful gardens, which are fertilized by the waters of Ilfara and Aggiala. As he knew that the house of Simouftapha, defended by the Genius of the box, was inaccessible to him, he concealed himself in the thickest foliage he could find. Here he mused on what means he should employ to seduce some one, who might assist him in his designs. Fortune, at that instant, threw in his way a person, fitted for his purpose.

A poor man, called Abaïre, worked in the garden where the Magician had stopped ; he appeared bent beneath the pressure of heat and fatigue. Mamouk supposed that an indigent person could be easily seduced. He resumed his natural figure, and entered into conversation with Abaïre.

Kind words, accompanied by a present of ten pieces of gold, made Abaïre subservient to the wishes of the inchanter. Mamouk became the guest of the poor gardener, whose house, from being a scene of wretchedness, had now the appearance of neatness and comfort. Mamouk supplied, with a liberal hand, all the wants of his entertainers.

Abaïre was master of an apple tree, and a pear tree, which had been brought from India ; but they had been planted in an ungrateful soil, and their fruit never ripened. Mamouk observed to Abaïre, that he was possessed of a secret, by which, in a few days, he could have pears of an astonishing size, and exquisite flavour ; *but you must swear by the Koran and upon my sabre, that what Mamouk does is for the*

good of Abaïre, and that Abaïre will obey all the commands of Mamouk.

The gardener swore without hesitation, as all seemed to be for his advantage. Mamouk ordered him to bring a stake, some cord, and two spades. One end of the cord was fastened to the stake, and the other end of it to the pear-tree, round which a circle, at the distance of three feet, was drawn; the space within the circumference was then dug up, that nourishment might be conveyed to the roots of the tree.

A blossom immediately appeared. "Now," said Mamouk to the gardener, "repeat these words: *My good little blossom, you must produce me a pear larger than any which grows in the Indies. I wish that a man could conceal himself in it.*"

The gardener smiled, and pronounced the incantation; eight days had now passed; Abaïre forgot the pear-tree, and Mamouk affected indifference about it: on the ninth day, he proposed to his host to see what was the success of their operation.—They went to the tree; how great must have been the astonishment of the gardener to behold a pear four times larger than any he had ever seen. "Simoustapha," said he, "must be the purchaser, he is generous as a Prince."

"Right," said Mamouk; "Simoustapha will pay you nobly. Your tree shall now flourish like the rose bush of May; but I told you that I wished to enter into the pear, and I still wish it; that was our agreement.

“ You have my consent,” answered Abaïre, laughing; “ you will make a pretty pippin.”——
“ Command me to be one,” rejoined the inchanter.
“ I command you,” said Abaïre. “ Tear away the stalk, to open the door for me,” answered Mamouk.

Abaïre made a motion, as if to tear away the stalk; it remained in his hand. The poor man was troubled.

“ Be not distressed,” said Mamouk; “ your fruit has lost nothing of its value. Put in the stalk again; go, get a dish for your pear, and carry it to Simoustapha.”

While the gardener was getting a dish, the inchanter changed himself into a pippin, and entered the pear, which was carried to Simoustapha, who purchased it for two hundred and fifty sequins.

Abaïre, intoxicated with such good fortune, forgot his dish, and the napkin, which was about the pear; he hurried home to thank his benefactor, but Mamouk was not to be found. He supposed he might be in the garden without the city; he sought for him there, but his search was ineffectual; he demanded him in vain from the streams, and from the echos.

That night, the Genius, as usual, conveyed Iltisilfone to the house of Simoustapha. The Princess admired the size and exquisite smell of the pear, which her lover had purchased at such an extravagant price. The pear was cut up, and a pippin fell to the ground: it was the inchanter Mamouk.

The fatal morsel now touched the lips of the Prince and Princess. Simouftapha cried out; his ring pained him excessively. Ilsetilsone let drop the bit she had in her hand. The Prince endeavoured to pull off the ring; its Genius appeared.

His form was hideous; the Princess fainted away. "Who are you," said Simouftapha. "I am the slave of the ring," answered the phantom. "You are in the utmost danger; your enemy is in your house; the fruit is poisoned. I fly to the assistance of the box; when it shall be in safety, I will return."

While Simouftapha, assisted by his slaves, was recovering Ilsetilsone, Jemal had been sore pressed by Mamouk, and was on the point of submitting, when the Genius of the ring came to his assistance. The Magician was obliged to yield; his ring, his wand, and book were taken from him, and he was bound in chains.

The Genius of the ring returned to Simouftapha. "Come," said he, "behold your enemy. Dispose of his fate, not according to the goodness of *your* heart, but the depravity of *his*."

Simouftapha followed the Genius; but Mamouk had vanished. Spirits sent from Egypt to his assistance, by his son Naraes, had carried him into the garden, and began to unbind him.

The Genius of the ring desired Simouftapha to call Jemal to his succour. The two Genii pursued, and discovered the magician. When he saw them, he threw himself in a canal. Two dikes were in-

stantly formed to inclose him. He launched into air like a water-spout, but was drove back. He endeavoured to evaporate in flame, but was prevented by a thick vapour.

Amidst this confusion of elements, the canal seemed to be filled with burning lime; the Genius of the ring threw into it, two pieces of the pear, which were instantly melted. He then spoke to Simouftapha:

“ Prince, pass judgement on this wicked necromancer. We are ready to execute it. Say to him, *Cursed Magician! I inclose you in your works and with your works, that you may be punished for your works.*

The Prince of India had no sooner uttered those words, then the infamous Mamouk was changed into an owl of marble, and was carried out of the garden by the Genii.

Simouftapha now returned to Ifetilsone, who was not yet thoroughly recovered from the terror, which the apparition of the Genius had caused. The Prince then summoned Jemal to appear, who detailed to them, at large, the adventures of Mamouk.—The narrative lasted till morning, when the Princess was conveyed by the Genius of the box to the palace of the Caliph.

Simouftapha, by the aid of Jemal, paid a visit to Ginnistan, where he was received with the utmost tenderness by Setelpedour. She cautioned him to have a strict watch over the box and ring, and to be

provided against the attacks of the son of Mamouk, who was as dangerous as his father.

Simoustapha now took leave of the Queen, and was brought back by the Genius to Bagdad.

About this time the Caliph was informed that Damascus was besieged by two hundred thousand infidels. He ordered all the Mussulmen to arm, and follow him, as he was resolved to march in person, to relieve a city of such importance.

Simoustapha was impatient to signalize himself in the combat; his wishes were made known to Setelpedour by Jemal, who was ordered by his sovereign to procure for the Prince of India, the most beautiful courser which could be found in the three Arabias.

The horse chosen by the Genius, was of the line of Gelpha, who had been formerly the steed of the prophet, when he planted his victorious standard on the towers of Medina, and spread the terror of his arms through Palestine and Syria; when all Asia bowed beneath the stroke of his scimitar, and confessed the wisdom of the laws of the Koran.

The arms of Simoustapha were of the most exquisite temper, and curiously embronzed, and his sabre was of the finest steel of Damascus. The Prince heard with joy the neighing of his steed, and gazed with delight on the splendour of his shield and cuirass.

But nothing could equal the distraction of Ilsetilfone, when she heard that her lover was to depart;

she fainted, and recovered only to give herself up to the most cruel despair.

Two days now passed in a state of melancholy and suspense, and Simoustapha's ardour for glory seemed to have given way to a softer passion, when the Queen of Ginnistan appeared, and having reproved him for his weakness, ordered him to set out instantly for Damascus.

The Prince of India mounted his rapid courser, who flew like lightning, and soon brought his master in sight of the capital of Syria; the two armies had engaged, and the soldiers of Haroun began to give way, when the fortune of the field was changed by the irresistible valour of Simoustapha. Victory ranged herself under the banners of the Caliph, and the infidels suffered a total defeat.

Haroun now entered Damascus in triumph, and hastened to the principal mosque to return thanks to Mahomet for such a signal deliverance. The Prince of India, whose modesty was not inferior to his bravery, quitted his horse, and assisted the Commander of the Faithful to dismount.

Haroun was charmed with the attention of the youthful warrior; but he felt infinite regret, when he saw that his gallant deliverer had received a wound in the hand. The Caliph took from his girdle a handkerchief, on which his name had been worked in letters of gold, and tied it round the hand of Simoustapha.

While the Commander of the Faithful was performing his devotions in the mosque, Simoustapha

disappeared, and mounted on his fleet courser, soon beheld the spires of Bagdad. He had sacrificed to glory, and he must now make an offering at the altar of love.

During his absence, the benevolent Queen of the Genii had conveyed Ilsetilfone to Ginnistan, where she paid her every attention, and assured her of her protection. After having comforted the desponding Princess, she ordered Jemal to conduct her back to her father's palace.

Haroun, having finished his thanksgivings in the great mosque at Damascus, was mortified at the disappearance of his deliverer, and notwithstanding he was crowned with victory, yet he returned to Bagdad full of chagrin and disquietude.

Being determined, if possible, to discover the champion of the brown armour, he ordered a solemn festival to be held for thirty days, the two last of which were to be employed in representing the achievements of his deliverer. This exhibition answered the intention of the Caliph, though in a manner which he had not expected.

On the last day of the feast, as Zobeïde and her daughter were on the balcony, a *coup de soleil* struck the Princess; she fainted away in the arms of her mother, who, whilst she was administering assistance to her, perceived that she was with child. Zobeïde hastened to inform the Caliph of the discovery she had made: they both hastened to the chamber of Ilsetilfone for an explanation.

"For several months," said the Princess, "I have been carried away, without knowing how; I have been wafted through the air, and have found myself in a magnificent apartment in the arms of a stranger, who, I must confess, has inspired me with the most lively passion."

Haroun, who had been long accustomed to supernatural events, supposed that some genius or enchanter had conceived a passion for his daughter; he communicated his suspicions to Zobeïde; and having embraced Ifsetilsone, as usual, withdrew.

The Caliph then informed Giafar and Mesrour of the event. Giafar heard it with the utmost astonishment, and Mesrour with a less degree of surprise; for he had perceived, that for a considerable time the guards of the Princess were with difficulty awakened.

Mesrour proposed to discover the ravisher of Ifsetilsone, by means of a phosphorus, extracted from the oil of a basilisk. This composition, when exposed to the air, cast forth a strong light, but without burning. "I shall sprinkle the carpet," said he, "of the Princess's apartment with some drops, and let Giafar be ready with the Lieutenant of Police to pursue the meteor wherever it may direct its course, and let him immediately surround the house where it may stop."

The Genius conveyed Ifsetilsone as usual to the Prince of India, and his mansion was soon surrounded by the soldiers of the Caliph. Simoustapha summoned the Genii of the box and the ring, and by the

assistance of those ærial powers, easily opposed the strength of Giafar and of Mesrour.

The Genii having discovered the stratagem of the chief of the eunuchs, conducted the Princess back to the palace, in a mist of such density, that the effect of the phosphorus was destroyed. A heavy cloud enveloped the royal mansion; every individual within its precincts felt an unusual depression of spirits, and even the Commander of the Faithful himself was deprived of his accustomed activity.

The Prince of India having consulted the Genii of the box and the ring on his subsequent conduct, consigned himself to the pleasures of repose, under the immediate protection of the Star of the seven seas.

At day-break, Simoustapha rose, and having ascended his terrace, beheld Giafar and Mesrour pressing an unavailing siege. He cried aloud, "Why do ye surround the house of him who is the slave of the Commander of the Faithful? Dismiss your soldiers, and I shall deliver myself into the hands of the Caliph.

Mesrour returned to the palace, and, by the desire of Haroun, embraced the proposal of Simoustapha. The guards withdrew, and the Prince of India, without dismay, approached the mansion of the Caliph.

The Commander of the Faithful was astonished at his boldness; he ordered him for instant execution. When Simoustapha's turban was taken off, that the fatal bandage should be tied round his eyes, the handkerchief of the Caliph was discovered.

The people cried aloud, "Behold the handkerchief of the champion of the brown armour!" (for an imitation of it had been exhibited in the preceding festival.) Giafar also beheld with astonishment the wreath of precious stones, which encircled the head of the supposed culprit: he read the following words, engraved on a diamond of uncommon magnitude and splendor:

Given by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to his nephew Simoustapha, son of the great King of the Indies.

Haroun was soon informed of those extraordinary discoveries, and it would be impossible to describe the pleasure which he felt, when he found that the son of his friend and ally the King of India, and the champion of the brown armour, were the same person. Having received a summary account of the adventures of Simoustapha from himself, he conducted him to the chamber of Ilsetilsone, where Zobeïde was endeavouring to get an explanation of what seemed to be involved in so much mystery.

The Caliph entering, said to his wife and daughter, "receive from the hands of the great prophet, and from mine, a son-in-law, and an husband; it is Simoustapha, the son of the great King of India; the most ancient, the most powerful, and the most faithful of my allies." Then turning to his attendants, "let the Cadi and the Mufti be brought this instant! let the mosques be opened! let my people rejoice! let alms be distributed to the poor! let no sorrow be known in Bagdad! behold my deliverer,

my son-in-law ! behold the saviour and the standard of religion !”

Haroun was delighted with Simoustapha : he, however, reproved him for neglecting to acquaint his father, the King of India, of his fortunes.—The Prince informed the Caliph of the rose tree of Benalab, which never failed to give Hilmar certain information of his son ; “ and to-day,” continued he, “ it must appear with peculiar beauty.”

The Prince of India was right in his conjecture ; his parents daily visited the rose tree, and were delighted to see its continued bloom. One morning they were agreeably surprized, to see a beautiful bud issue from a rose full blown. This prodigy was to be explained at Bagdad.

Ilsetilsone was delivered of a son : Simoustapha, Haroun, and Zobeïde were in an ecstasy of joy ; and every faithful Mussulman celebrated this happy event. The child was named Haroun-Ben-Alraschid. The Queen of the Genii had presided at his birth, and endowed him with every gift that her art could bestow, while the Commander of the Faithful and his son-in-law supplicated for the more substantial blessings of heaven, in the great mosque of Bagdad.

Every thing now promised a series of uninterrupted happiness to the family of the Caliph ; but a storm was gathering against them in Egypt. Naraës, the son of the Magician Mamouk, had been attentive to the fountain, which was to be the guide of his conduct ; he had seen the water troubled, and he sent two spirits to the assistance of his father ; but

when he saw the spring stained with blood, he knew that his aid had been ineffectual, and that his father was no more. Nothing remained now but to revenge the death of Mamouk. Having discovered by his art the adventures of his father at Simoustapha's, he immediately took the road for Bagdad.

Naraës, after many fatigues, arrived on the banks of the Ilfara and Aggiala. A fisherman had cast in his net, and was much grieved that he had caught nothing during the day.

The inchanter, who knew the source of his affliction, gave him a piece of gold, and assured him that the next day he should take a fish of uncommon size and flavour, which he advised him to sell to the Prince Simoustapha, who would pay generously for it. "This fish," continued he, "is of great rarity, and is called Sultan-Hebraim, after the patriarch, who preserved the species."

Simoustapha and Ilsetilsone had paid a visit to Ginnistan, and received from the Queen a bird of very uncommon endowments; he recollected the past, doubted the present, and foresaw the future; he spoke but little; his language, however, was perfectly intelligible to those who were accustomed to hear him. Nothing could equal the brilliancy and variety of his plumage; he had been an inhabitant of Paradise, but having paid homage to Kokopilefobe, instead of Solomon, he was banished to Ginnistan. When Setelpedour presented this beautiful bird to Ilsetilsone, she reserved two feathers of his tail.

The Prince and Princess, on their return from Ginnistan, found that the eunuch Hachim, the chief cook, had purchased a large and beautiful fish, called *Sultan-Hebraim*, for sixty sequins.

They were desirous to see this uncommon fish ; it was in a large basin of silver ; the water in which it swam reflected the yellow lustre of the topaz, the deep radiance of the ruby, and the refreshing green of the emerald ; its scales, in the shape of a regal mantle, were tinged with purple, and bordered with gold ; the fins were of the colour of coral, powdered with stars of azure ; the head was covered with an helmet of gold, and the crest seemed to be enriched with pearls.

" What a large and beautiful fish ! " exclaimed Simouftapha and Ilsetilsone.

Fie, fie, fie, fie ! cried the magic bird, in a sharp and shrill tone.

" This pretty bird has an abominable shriek," said the Princess ; " he gives me the head-ach. But this is a beautiful fish ! what an eye it has ! "

False, false, false, false ! cried the bird, in a still harsher tone.

" My dear Simouftapha," said the Princess, " this bird chirps so disagreeably, that I cannot keep him. . I love this pretty fish a great deal better."

Worse, worse, worse, worse ! cried the bird, still raising the sharpness of his voice.

" How foolish the bird ! notwithstanding his fine plumage," said Ilsetilsone. " There is a reservoir

in our baths; there I shall keep my delightful fish. I shall feed him with my own hand. Are you not called Sultan?" continued she, addressing the fish. "You shall be my Sultan."

No, no, no, no, cried the enraged bird. He now flew from his cage, darted into the basin, put out the eyes of the fish, and wounded it in several places. Ifsetilsone, in endeavouring to save the fish, unfortunately stifled the bird.

Simouftapha beheld this extraordinary scene; the expiring fish was still struggling for life; the basin was so full of blood, that he could not be seen. The astonished Prince summoned the Genius of the ring, and asked an explanation.

The Genius informed him, that Naraës, the son of the Egyptian Mamouk, had changed himself into this fish, and had suffered himself to be taken by the poor fisherman, who had afterwards sold him to the chief cook.

"Carry him in this very basin, to the Queen of the Genii," said Simouftapha, "that she may dispose of him at her pleasure." The slave of the ring instantly disappeared, to obey the commands of his master.

Ifsetilsone was now inconsolable for the death of her bird; nor could the Prince of India calm the excess of her sorrow. The Queen of the Genii at length appeared, and by replacing in the tail of the bird, the two feathers, which she had before taken out, she restored to life the departed favourite.

Setelpedour informed the Prince and Princess, that Naraës had been chained with the Genius Danfouk, the detestable accomplice of his crimes, and that they were both cast into the sulphureous lake where the Magician Mamouk had ended his days.

After the escape of Simoustapha from the attempt of Naraës, several months passed away without any remarkable event: the family of the Prince of India was increased by the birth of a lovely daughter. When disengaged from state affairs, and from his visits to Ginnistan, he indulged himself in the pleasures of the chase.

Forgetful of the dangers which he had encountered, he was negligent about the snares to which he was still exposed: thinking it ignoble to depend solely on his ring and box, he frequently trusted to his good sword, and to that best of weapons, an undaunted heart.

Simoustapha being one day at the chase, met a deer, which fled before him with uncommon swiftness; but mounted on his fleet Arabian courser, he soon overtook the beast, and wounded him in the shoulder. The beast, however, still fled, till night came on, and then disappeared.

A violent tempest now rose; the Prince was thrown from his horse, and found himself beneath the feet of an hideous monster, who had in the middle of his forehead one large eye, whose sombrous splendour supplied the light of the departing day.

At the appearance of this formidable Genius, Simoustapha first recommended himself to God and his holy prophet, and then drew his sword.

The Genius, astonished at his intrepidity, exclaimed, "slave of a slave! thou disciple of Benalab! come, and receive the chastisement due to thy pride. Come, and answer for the insolence, the injustice, and tyranny of thy false Queen Setelpedour against the great Prince Bahlishboull my master." The monster then raised his enormous mace, to crush the Prince of India at a single blow. Simoustapha avoided the stroke, and with his sabre, cleft the Genius from the forehead to the waist.

The ears of the Prince were now assailed by tremendous howlings, which the darkness of the night rendered still more hideous; but his courage continued unappalled: his faithful courser came up to him, and by his neighings, testified the pleasure he felt from his master's victory over the Genius. Simoustapha, though crowned with conquest, was still exposed to difficulties and dangers.

He was now at an incredible distance from Bagdad, on the summit of Mount Caucasus: the Genius Rastras, who had been commended by Bahlishboull to destroy the Prince of India, had changed himself into a deer, and having allowed himself to be wounded, he instantly enchanted the hand from whence the dart had issued; so that the husband of the beautiful Ifetilsone, compelled by this charm, was hurried away with the same rapidity as the author of the enchantment.

When Bahlishboull was informed by the evil Genii of the defeat of Rastras, he burst into a storm of passion; but finding that the Prince of India was not to be subdued by magic, he resolved that he should fall the victim of want and fatigue, in the almost impracticable journey, which he was to undertake.

The old Genius instantly summoned to the upper Egypt, where he resided, the exiled spirits who followed his standard. "Go," said he, "and envelope the Indian Prince, whom you will find descending from Mount Caucasus, with a fog of such thickness, that he shall be invisible to all Ginnistan." The demons departed, and obeyed with joy the orders of their malevolent prince.

The sudden disappearance of Simoustapha produced an universal consternation at Bagdad, and the deepest sorrow was predominant in the palace. Ilsetilfone would have been inconsolable but for the enchanted bird, who, in the midst of her lamentation, cried "Peace! peace! peace!" "Peace!" said she, "alas! there is no peace for me. Simoustapha is dead!"

"No! no! no!" cried the bird. "How! charming bird," answered she, "is he not dead? Does he still live? Shall I see him again?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said the bird. "When shall the happy moment come?" asked the Princess.—"Soon, soon, soon," replied the feathered prophet. As Ilsetilfone had a thorough confidence in his predictions, her grief, in some measure, subsided for the absence of the Prince of India.

Setelpedour, in the mean time, though Queen of Ginnistan, and Star of the seven seas, was completely wretched for the loss of her favourite. She commanded the Genii to explore the most distant regions of the earth ; but for some time their search was unavailing. At length a spirit, named Jazzel, discovered the malignant mist, which covered Mount Caucasus. This fog did not appear to be a natural production, where there were nothing but burning sands, and not a drop of water*.

As soon as the observation of Jazzel had been communicated to Setelpedour, she directly flew to the summit of Caucasus, from whence she perceived the mist, which had been caused by the malice of Bahlisboull. She ordered a strong wind to disperse the fog, and she then perceived the idol of her heart pale, wasted, dejected, and in a situation to move a soul the most insensible.

Simoustapha, for ten days, had encountered, in every shape, difficulty and distress. The stars had been his only guide through wastes of scorching sands and deserts, which seemed to have no bound. Some meagre roots, which he dug up with the point of his sword, were the only subsistence he could procure for himself and his horse.

The Prince, worn out with fatigue, at length reached a spring of water ; as he was going to quench his thirst, a lion sprung from an adjacent thicket,

* The author appears to be unacquainted with a phenomenon not unusual in the East. Voyez Diod. Sic., Shaw, Chardin, &c. Note by the English Translator.

and assailed his horse. Simoustapha instantly drew his sword, and at one stroke cleft asunder the skull of the lion. His courser exulted with delight ; but the strength of Simoustapha was exhausted by this effort ; he fainted away on the grass, and in this state he was discovered by the Queen of the Genii.

It would be difficult to describe the emotions of Setelpedour at this melancholy prospect. She hastened to recover the Prince of India. She traced her circle, got the proper herbs, and pronounced the irresistible spell ; and in an instant Simoustapha was restored to his former health and vigour.

Three clouds, brighter than rainbows, formed a magnificent chariot, in which the Queen and Simoustapha were wafted to Ginnistan, while his courser was borne on golden wings through the air, by the side of the splendid vehicle.

From Ginnistan, Setelpedour conveyed Simoustapha to Bagdad, and restored him to his illustrious relations. The magic bird had previously announced the arrival of the Prince of India, and prepared Il-fetilsone for the event. The Caliph heard with amazement the adventures of his son-in-law, and ordered them to be registered in the royal archives.

The punishment of Bahlithbouli now engaged the attention of Setelpedour. This evil spirit was in the most remote deserts of the upper Egypt, environed by the Genii, who paid him homage. As he was still powerful in resources, the Queen of Ginnistan had recourse to artifice. She augmented the heat and sterility of his melancholy abode ; he sought

another habitation, but found it still more scorching than the one which he had left.

He at last perceived some little verdure, which was sheltered from the rays of the sun by the shade of a granite pillar. He approached, and sat down. At about six feet from the ground, on the base of the monument, was an inscription, which the Genius began to read : *Pillar, execute the command of the Queen Setelpedour !*

He had scarcely pronounced the fatal mandate, when a chain of iron girt his body, and bound him to the pillar. The desert now resounded with his bellowing ; the wild beasts were terrified, and fled from their dens. The evil spirits now deserted him, and he remained alone in the joyless wilderness. A dull calm now succeeded to his unavailing rage ; he examined his chains, and perused the dreadful inscription, which he had not before finished—*You cannot be delivered, but by a Genius more wicked than yourself.*

While Setelpedour was employed in wreaking her vengeance on Bahlisboull, Simoustapha and Ilsetil-sone were preparing to pass the sultry season at Casser-il-Harais, the Caliph's country palace, distant three days journey from Bagdad.

Casser-il-Harais is a magnificent building, situated on the banks of the Aggiala. The great prophet laid the first stone : the front towards the gardens presented three hundred and sixty-five windows, and was cased with alabaster, and the finest Oriental marble, enriched with garlands of the most precious

jasper ; the gates of aloes and of sandal wood, turned upon hinges of gold : the interior part of the edifice was inlaid and ceiled with rose-wood. Nothing could equal the beauty and splendor of the furniture ; here was to be seen a prodigality of the ruby, the emerald, and the topaz. Mahomet began and finished this superb fabric, on the marriage of his daughter Fatimé with Omar-Ilabab. Here the prophet frequently retired to hold converse with the angel Gabriel ; and here, in a box of rock crystal, enriched with diamonds, is preserved the pen with which Mahomet wrote the twelve last chapters of the Koran.

The garden belonging to the palace was beautiful in the extreme ; it had a salubrious atmosphere, and an unclouded sky ; the trees preserved an eternal verdure ; the flowers dispensed the most exquisite perfumes ; and all Arabia was wafted in every gale. This enchanting scene was enlivened by birds of the sweetest song, and of the brightest plumage.

The entrance to this paradise was denied to every body but to the lawful successor of the prophet, and to his family. If one of the prophane entered, nothing appeared to him but a frightful desert, and his ears were assailed by the howlings of wild beasts.

Before the departure of Simouftapha for Casser-il-Harais, he examined the treasures of the Caliph : the aggregate wealth of the Princes of the Earth could produce nothing of equal value ; but he had seen great riches in Ginnistan.

What struck him most was, a sabre, whose hilt was enriched with diamonds of uncommon size and lustre, and whose magnitude proclaimed that it must have been wielded by a warrior of gigantic stature. He drew it with ease from the scabbard, and the blade emitted strong flashes of lightning ; upon examination, he observed some apparently-inexplicable characters. He summoned the Genius of the box for information ; Jemal appeared.

“ What mean these characters ? ” said the Prince. “ Our Queen alone,” answered the Genius, “ can satisfy you on this head. These figures are the symbols of power ; but we know the sword ; it fell from the strong hand of Kokopilefobe, when he was defeated by Mahomet, and Mahomet has bequeathed it to his successors.”

The Prince took the sword, and having received it as a gift from the Caliph, resolved to present it to Setelpedour, as a donation worthy of her acceptance.

On their approach to Casser-il-Harais, Simousta-phä and Ilsetillsone dismissed their numerous retinue ; for to them only it was permitted to enter the garden of the prophet. Their eyes were feasted with numberless beauties ; but what most attracted the notice of the Princess, was the tree, whose fatal fruit had been the destruction of the human race. A serpent, whose eyes were covered with thick darkness, twined round the trunk. A bird of an azure colour, with his head and claws of a bright yellow, fluttered about

the branches of the tree ; he did not sing, but expressed his thoughts in the purest *Arabic*.

When the bird perceived the two lovers, he spread out his tail, to shew the pleasure which he felt, and gave them the ordinary salutation. *Peace to the race of man ; there is no God, but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.*

Ilsetilsone, charmed with the clearness of his voice, and the elegance of his language, entered into conversation with him.

He informed the Princess, that his mate was in Ginnistan, and that the bird, which she had formerly received from the Queen of the Genii, was his son, but that both the mother and her young one had been driven from Casser-il-Harais, for having joined with Kokopilefobe against the prophet ; he told her that one of the feathers of his tail would serve her and Simoustapha for a conveyance to Ginnistan, and would be afterwards the means of the restoration of his family to himself.

The divine bird expanded his tail ; a feather dropped, which was transformed into a magnificent chariot ; the Prince and Princess ascended it, and were conveyed to the foot of the throne of Setepedour.

The Queen of the Genii received them with her accustomed kindness ; she then explained to them her disagreeable situation ; how her subjects were almost universally disaffected to her government, in consequence of which she had resolved to resign her crown, and become a resident of Casser-il-Harais, if she was permitted to be one of the family of the Caliph.—

Simoustapha and Ilsetilsone were charmed with her proposition, and the Prince of India presented to her the sabre of Kokopilefobe, which she did not accept; informing him that in his hand alone, it could be serviceable to her; and she desired him to be ready to assist her, whenever she should make a requisition. The Prince and Princess, after having passed three days in Ginnistan, returned, by the assistance of the bird's feather, to the garden of Casser-il-Harais.

Setelpedour, aware of the storm which was ready to burst over her head, assembled a general Divan, the day after the departure of the Prince of India and his wife, at the same time she dispatches Jazzel, almost the only Genius who was still attached to her, mounted on a feather of her female bird, with the following letter to Simoustapha:

“ Dear Prince, depart instantly, and by the same conveyance which I send you. Bring with you the Koran, and the sword of my grandfather. The sage bird shall prevent Ilsetilsone from being a prey to any anxious fears about your safety.”

Simoustapha was of a soul too elevated to hesitate a moment; he took the holy volume, armed himself with the formidable sabre, and if the fairy feather had not been sufficiently swift, he could have reached Ginnistan on the wings of love.

The Divan was collected, and Setelpedour seated on her throne; the discontented spirits examined her countenance, and were astonished at her firmness.

But they were still more surprized, when they saw Simoustapha enter, and heard their Queen re-

nounce all allegiance to Kokopilefobe, and avow herself the servant of God, and of Mahomet.

The evil spirits were confounded at this unexpected declaration of Setelpedour. Terror suspended their powers of utterance. Sulphureous flames issued from their mouths, and the hall was filled with a suffocating smell. A noise like thunder was heard; it was caused by the arrival of Bahlishboull, who was freed from his chains by Kokopilefobe himself.

The tremendous Bahlishboull was covered with an armour of fire; he attempted to strike Setelpedour with his lance, but the Prince of India warded off the blow with the luminous sabre of Kokopilefobe. The brightness of the sword blinded Bahlishboull, and his accomplices. They seemed to have been struck by lightning.

An hideous night instantly covered Ginnistan; the sun had never illuminated that hateful country; the light there had been the effect of enchantment. The charm had resided in the crown of Setelpedour, which she had now trodden under her feet.

Simoustapha and the Queen of the Genii then traversed the melancholy gloom. They at length reached the apartment of the bird of Paradise; her brilliant crest diffused a glory round her.

“Let us depart, my dear mistress,” said the bird; “all my plumes are at your service.” A magnificent chariot was instantly formed of her feathers, in which Simoustapha and Setelpedour bade a final adieu to the gloomy regions of Ginnistan.

The fairy feather which had wasted Simoustapha, was now dispatched to advertise Ifsetilsone of the return of her Lord with Setelpedour. In the shape of a white pigeon, it perched on the shoulder of the Princess, and said, "Madam, Simoustapha and Setelpedour are at hand, but *she* cannot as yet be received in the garden of Casser-il-Harais; you must meet her without the precincts of the hallowed ground."

Ifsetilsone hastened to her husband and the Queen of the Genii, and it will be easier to conceive than describe the raptures of the interview.

Another scene of affection passed on a candlestick stand, where Simoustapha had put the Koran.—The two birds had flown from their respective cages, and rested on the holy volume. They saluted with their bills, and gave each other the most tender caresses. Instantly the little bird which Setelpedour had given to the daughter of the Caliph, and who was not permitted to enter the garden of the prophet, flew to his parents; but without daring to perch on the Koran, stopped under the stand, till they called him.

They helped him to ascend, and caressed him. The little animal then cried out, in his own language, hitherto too concise, *true! true! only true!* he was now able to utter two words together. The anathema that had been pronounced against him was taken off; and instructed by his father and mother, he became one of the faithful, like them, and was

permitted to enjoy the privileges of the birds of Paradise.

To complete the happiness of Setelpedour, and to open to her the garden of Caffer-il-Harais, the Caliph himself arrived from Bagdad, attended by his court. Haroun had been apprized by Simoustapha of the extraordinary events which had taken place.

He now adopted Setelpedour for his daughter, and then gave her away in marriage to the Prince of India.

All was now calm sunshine at Bagdad and Caffer-il-Harais. Though the beard of the Caliph had become more venerable; and though deep wrinkles had marked his august forehead, yet the same fire animated his countenance. He had now discontinued for ten years his nocturnal excursions through Bagdad, from which he had derived such considerable advantages, by examining into the conduct of his ministers, and watching over the happiness of Mussulmen. If he beheld the rapid advances which the angel of death was making towards him, yet he saw himself live again in his amiable posterity. His grandson Haroun-Ben-Alraschid, at the age of ten years, gave a display of all those perfections, which had made the Prince of India, and Isfetilsone the subject of admiration. Other young shoots, not less interesting, were the comfort of his old age; and by the happy fruitfulness of his adopted daughter, he beheld a little Simoustapha, as beautiful as his father.

But it is not the lot of all parents to be happy. Those of the Prince of India had been completely wretched, during the twelve years absence of their son; whilst the rose bush of Benalab continued to bloom, they were satisfied about the safety of their child; but at the instant that Setelpedour had declared herself obedient to the law of the prophet, and had thrown off all allegiance to Kokopilefobe, the enchantments which she had made, or had been made in her name, were destroyed. The beautiful rose bush of the King of India died; then nothing was to be seen in his palace but sorrow and desolation.

A bird, one of the messengers of the benevolent spirits, returning from India, as he passed over Casser-il-Harais, informed the birds of Paradise of this event. He of the tree, ordered his wife to get a little vial, and fill it with the water of the basin in the garden, and then to fasten the vial about his neck with a ribband. When this was done, accompanied by his son, he flew to India, and gave a new bloom to the rose bush of Benalab.

Comfort was again restored to the parents of Simoustapha, by the renovation of the rose bush, and they determined to go in search of their son. A fleet was fitted out, on which they went aboard, and soon arrived off Bassora. The Caliph's Governor there, alarmed at the appearance of a strange navy, dispatched a messenger to Bagdad, to inform the Commander of the Faithful.

In consequence of this account, Simouftapha reached Baffora, in a few days, at the head of a well-appointed army. He found, on his arrival, that the strangers had committed no hostilities, but what must have been his sensations! when he saw the ensigns of India streaming to the wind. He instantly went aboard the vessel where Hilmar was; and restored to his parents their long-lost son.

It would be difficult to describe the magnificent reception which the King and Queen of India met with from the venerable Haroun, at Bagdad and Casser-il-Harais. After having passed two months in the most exquisite happiness, the parents of Simouftapha departed for India, with their son and his two wives, leaving the young Haroun-Ben-Alrafchid with the Commander of the Faithful, who had declared him his successor.

As soon as the fleet had cleared the gulph of Baffora, it sailed with a fair wind towards the coast of India, and reached it after a prosperous voyage. The wishes of the people were completed. Setelpedour there found a serenity and happiness far preferable to the sceptre of Ginnistan, and there Simouftapha at length reaped the reward of those virtues, the seeds of which the Persian philosopher had sowed in his heart.

Scheherazade having finished the history of Simouftapha, paused for a moment. “Is that the conclusion?” said the Sultan; “it has pleased me much, and particularly on account of the birds.—You told me, if I recollect well, of a fisherman,

who used to cast into the water, nets of silk. I should like to catch those birds of Paradise with nets of the seed of pearls."

"Illustrious Sultan," answered Scheherazade, "that might be a dangerous amusement; the birds of Paradise are not to be taken after that manner; you might, perhaps, catch those of Ginnistan, who seem beautiful, but are full of perfidy and deceit. As it is not yet morning, I shall relate the short, but tragic, story of Alibengiad, Sultan of Herak; it may prevent you from putting any confidence in wonderful birds." "I shall listen to it with pleasure," rejoined the Sultan; and Scheherazade thus began:

*The History of ALIBENGIAD, Sultan of Herak, and
of the false Birds of Paradise.*

ALIBENGIAD, Sultan of Herak, and a descendant of Ali, waged war against the Caliph Moawiah, by whom he was defeated in battle, made prisoner, and confined in a fortress on the Aggiala, at some leagues distance from Casser-il-Harais.

Alibengiad was of a cruel disposition, and had done much evil during his reign. His passions were so violent, that they sometimes bordered on delirium. The only person whom he saw in his confinement was a young eunuch, who gave him a detail of the Birds of Paradise, which were in Casser-il-Harais, "It is believed," continued the eunuch, "that to one of those the Caliph owes his frequent victories."

"If I had one of those birds," said Alibengiad to himself, "I should be enabled to escape from Moawiah, and once more try the fortune of war. It is not far from hence to Casser-il-Harais; if my voice could be heard there, I might procure the assistance of one of its inhabitants. *Come! come! come to me,* cried the Sultan, in his enthusiasm. *Come, heavenly and powerful birds! The throne of Herak, and the richest empire which I can conquer, shall be your cage.*"

One night, the wish of Alibengiad was gratified; a beautiful bird appeared at the outside of his window. The Sultan was charmed, and invited the bird to come in. *I know not how,* answered the marvel-

lous animal ; *but if you wish to have me, we must make our conditions.* The shining bird then disappeared ; and Alibengiadi fancied that he was on the point of becoming the most happy of mortals.

Several days elapsed in anxious expectation : the bird at last appeared about midnight.

“ Rife,” said he to Alibengiadi ; “ place yourself in the middle of the chamber, and repeat along with me the following words :

Window, open ! I command you, in the name of Mahomet. Bird, come to me ! I adjure you, by the God of the Earth.

The Sultan obeyed, and the bird was instantly on his shoulder. A splendor, like the sun, was diffused round. “ What do you ask of me,” said the bird, “ and of the master to whom I belong ? ” “ To depart hence,” replied the Sultan, “ to return to Herak, to reascend my throne, and wreak my vengeance on Moawiah.” “ All this shall be done in time,” said the bird. “ But let us begin by departing from hence. Order the iron grate, in the name of Mahomet, to fall down, and command me, in the name of the God of the Earth to make a chariot to convey you to Herak. Alibengiadi had no sooner complied with the requisition, than the iron grate vanished, and his turban was changed into a chariot, to which the bird was harnessed by ribbands of crimson silk and gold. “ Mount,” said the bird, “ and repeat what I shall dictate to you.”

In the name of the great Kokopilefibe, the only God of the Earth, I wish to depart from hence for Herak.

“What do you say then, O bird?” said Alibengiadi. *There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet*, cried the bird.

These words were hardly uttered, when the chariot again became a turban, the bird flew away, and Alibengiadi fell to the ground. His brain was so disturbed by the fall, that he was deprived of the little understanding he had had. Moawiah being informed by the eunuch of this adventure, set Alibengiadi at liberty; the eunuch afterwards led the unfortunate monarch through the streets of Bagdad, and shewed him for money at Caravanferas, where he was called the *Sultan of the Bird*.

Scheherazade having finished the story of the Sultan of Herak, related next the History of Sinkariö and his two Vizirs.

The History of SINKARIB, and of his two VIZIRS.

AT a very remote period of time, Sire, (said the amiable Sultaneſs) Sinkarib ſwayed the Aſſyrian Empire, and Thor and Nineveh were the ſeats of royalty. This Prince aſcended the throne early in life, and was not without his virtues; but a taſte for pleaſure made him neglect ſtate affairs, and the Miniſter, who could extricate him from buſineſs, might wield the ſceptre of Aſſyria. Fortunately, however, for this young Prince, he had retained for his prime Vizir, the virtuous Hicar, who had governed the empire during his father's reign. Hicar was a man of prudence, of ſteadineſs, and of infinite reſource; and theſe eſtimable talents procured happineſs to the people, and ſecurity to the country.

Hicar poſſeſſed prodigious wealth; his palace was a great city. A wiſh for children had made him marry more than ſixty wives, and each had her ſeparate apartment. They all proved barren, and he felt more from his diſappointment, than became a ſage.

Zefagnie, his firſt and beſt beloved wife, exhorted him, but in vain, to reſignation. "A child," ſaid ſhe, "is not always a bleſſing. You know I had a ſiſter, whoſe ſon cauſed her death. Submit, my dear Hicar, to a decree, which perhaps frees you from anxieties, whiſt it appears to load you with them." Hicar entertained an high opinion of his

wife; she was the aunt of Sinkarib, but had never been assuming, on account of her exalted birth.—Hicar blushed to inform her of the plan which he proposed to adopt; he concealed from her that he had sent for astrologers, to find out by what means he might have a son.

The astrologers, flattered with the confidence reposed in them by a person of the Vizir's rank, did not hesitate to give an immediate answer; they desired him to sacrifice to Bilelsanam*, who would confer on him the wished-for blessing.

Hicar was a native of the country of Haram, and was a worshipper of the true God. Yet hurried on by the impetuosity of his wishes, he consulted the oracle of Bilelsanam. The idol gave no answer, and the priest, terrified at his silence, requested the Vizir to retire.

He had scarce left the temple, when his conscience smote him for the indiscretion he had committed, in placing confidence in a dumb idol, and forgetting the mighty Lord of the universe. He raised his countenance towards the heavens:

“O supreme Creator!” cried he, “Bilelsanam is silent; he can confer no benefit; but you, who are all-powerful, and have hitherto granted me whatever I have asked, hear me, and listen favourably to the last supplication I shall make! give me a son.”

Having preferred his prayer, the Vizir bent his eyes to the ground, and stood with his hands folded across his breast. A voice was instantly heard from the clouds. “Hicar,” it said, “cease to impor-

* Bilelsanam, the Oracle of Bil, God of the Assyrians.

tune heaven ; you shall have no child ; but you can adopt Nadan, your sister's son, and make him your heir."

Hicar returned home ; and without acquainting Zefagnie that he had consulted the idol, informed her of the command, which he believed to have come from heaven. The virtuous wife prepared to obey God and her husband ; they directly adopted Nadan as their son, making him the peculiar object of their care.

Nadan was highly gifted by nature, and applied himself to learning ; he seemed to make a suitable return for the kindness shewed him by Hicar and Zefagnie, and promised to surpass their most sanguine expectations. His understanding was quick and piercing, but his heart was corrupt. However, by a cold and correct reserve, he concealed the malignity of his disposition.

Zefagnie frequently said, " I wish our son would commit a fault, that we might see in what manner he would apologize for it ; he is really too perfect."

Nadan had now reached his twentieth year : he was the most accomplished among the Assyrian youth, and from the instructions of his uncle, was deeply versed in the art of government and political knowledge. Though ambitious in the extreme, he did not suffer the least spark of ambition to appear ; and he curbed all his desires so well, that they did not appear to have the smallest power over him.

Hicar, seduced by those specious appearances, and desirous to pass the remainder of his days in re-

pose, now requested his own dismissal from the King, and to be succeeded by his nephew Nadan.

Sinkarib desired to see the nephew of Hicar: he was charmed with the captivating manners of Nadan, who, in answering the several questions proposed to him by his sovereign, blended the modesty of youth, with the wisdom of age.

Sinkarib now presented Hicar with a rich robe and collar of gold, set with diamonds, and his name engraved on it: he ordered a solemn feast to be held for eight days through his kingdom, in honour of his late and of his present Vizir.

Nadan was now invested with the ensigns of his office, and having received the orders of the King, returned to the palace of Hicar, where the venerable sage gave his nephew several additional maxims for his future conduct in discharging his duty both to his country and his sovereign.

“The almond-tree,” said Hicar, “is the first that is covered with blossoms: but it is the last, which yields fruit. But do you imitate the mulberry tree*, who gives its fruit, before the leaf.”

Hicar, after having given the advice of a parent and of a friend to the new Vizir, presented him to Zefagnie; they both embraced him, and offered up their prayers to heaven for his welfare.

Nadan repaired to the palace of Sinkarib; he appeared calm and collected, undazzled by the splendour of his newly-acquired greatness, and in every respect worthy of the exalted station, to which he

* It is supposed that there is in Arabia, a mulberry tree of this species.

had been raised by the recommendation of his virtuous uncle.

Sinkarib, who was devoted to ease and indolence, had occasion for a Minister, active, and intelligent; and he found what he wanted in Nadan. He soon thought the young Vizir superior to his predecessor. Nadan joined in the private pleasures of his sovereign. The monarch and his Vizir became inseparable, and public affairs began to wear an unpropitious aspect.

Murmurs and complaints were now heard; the repose of Hicar was disturbed, and he mentioned his uneasiness to his nephew. Nadan heard him with attention, but mingled with coldness; he promised to rectify what had been wrong, but did nothing.

The disorders of the state increased, and the venerable Vizir became importunate with his nephew. He at length remonstrated with the King himself; but the crafty Nadan had contrived to make him appear despicable in the eye of the monarch, describing him as superannuated, and unfit for business.

Hicar was received coldly by his Prince, who advised him to attend to his health, which seemed to be declining, and to give himself no farther trouble about state affairs, as Nadan was possessed of abilities sufficient for the department in which he was placed.

Hicar returned home, confounded and mortified; he threw himself into the arms of his wife, and burst into tears. "My dear Zefagnie," said he, "this

Nadan, this son, whom we believed to have been given us by Providence for our comfort, and to be the buckler of Assyria, has deprived me of the confidence of the King. Nadan will be the destruction of the Empire, and I shall be the cause !”

Whilst Hicar was pouring forth his complaints into the bosom of Zefagnie, Nadan, who was the very essence of ingratitude, was seeking the ruin of his benefactor.

After having met with repeated mortifications from Sinkarib and Nadan, Hicar had consigned himself, by the advice of Zefagnie, to solitude and philosophy ; and he frequently corresponded with the Persian Magi, and the priests of the Egyptian Osiris. The young Vizir darkly insinuated to the King, that his uncle might possibly carry on a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country, and received the royal mandate for arresting one of the couriers of Hicar. Nadan had got the seal of his uncle, and knowing how to counterfeit his writing, he wrote a letter, in his name, to Akis King of Persia, the greatest enemy of Sinkarib. He advised him to invade Assyria with a powerful army, and promised to join him with his friends, whom he mentioned as very numerous, in the plain of Nerrim, on the first days of the moon of Niram, and he informed Akis, in the name of Hicar, that one of the principal gates of the city should be opened for him, and that the nobles of the nation would join with him to dethrone the tyrant.

When Nadan had varnished over his imposition with the semblance of truth, he made the purse to be counterfeited, in which the couriers of Hicar carried the letters of their master. Being informed of the departure of one of them, he commanded his own confidential man to meet the courier without the gates of Nineveh. The emissary of Nadan entered into conversation with the unsuspecting servant of Hicar, and before they separated, contrived to change purses with him.

The messenger of Hicar was soon pursued by the guards of Sinkarib, who had been completely deceived by the treacherous Nadan. The packet of Hicar was seized, and the forged letter was brought to the King, who burst into a storm of passion, and ordered the messenger to be brought into his presence.

“To whom do you belong, slave?” said the incensed monarch. “To Hicar.” “Was it he who gave you this letter?” “Yes, Sire.” “To whom were you to have delivered the packet, which you carried?” “To his friends in Persia.”

“Oh! treason!” exclaimed the King. “The man whom my father and myself had loaded with benefits, wished to deliver me up to my enemy, and complete the ruin of my empire! Let Hicar be sought for, and brought hither.” The guards hastened to the palace of Hicar. He was then at his little cottage in the mountains, at a short distance from the city.

Zefagnie, apprized of the gathering storm, hastened to the palace to intercede with her nephew, in behalf of her beloved Hicar. But her supplications were ineffectual; the eyes of the King were covered with a mist impossible to be dispelled. She, however, obtained one favour—that the execution of her husband might be performed in his own palace.

Zefagnie returned home, and ordered a splendid banquet to be served up, of which she invited the guards of Sinkarib to partake, on their arrival.

Whilst the soldiers were indulging in festivity, Zefagnie determined not to lose a moment.

She called the executioner aside. “Yapousmek,” said she to him, “do you remember, that when King Sirkadoun my brother, the father of Sinkarib, wished to put you to death, I saved you from his fury? Do you recollect that you owe your pardon to him, whom you are going to murder?”—“Yes, Madam,” answered Yapousmek; “and I shall never forget it.” “Well,” continued Zefagnie, “this is the time to shew your gratitude; Hicar is innocent, would you wish to stain your hands with the blood of a virtuous and benevolent man? I have brought out from the subterraneous prison of my palace an old magician, who has been guilty of the most atrocious crimes; in size and appearance he resembles Hicar; execute him instead of my husband. The guards of Sinkarib, who are now oppressed with wine, cannot observe you.”

Yapousmek assented, and the bloody head of the magician was carried to Sinkarib.

Zefagnie affected the deepest sorrow; she attired herself and her slaves in mourning, and ordered the body to be laid in the tomb, which had been prepared for Hicar.

When night came, she conducted Hicar into the prison, from whence the old magician had been brought. She furnished it comfortably, and this gloomy mansion had, to her, all the charms of a palace, since it preserved innocence from the envenomed shafts of malice and slander.

Nadan, who was a thorough hypocrite, affected the utmost sorrow, and, with difficulty, received consolation from his master. They now drank deep of pleasure, to forget the inquietude and remorse, which haunted them in secret; mean while the sinews of government were relaxed, and the empire was tottering on its basis.

The supposed death of Hicar had spread desolation through Nineveh, and had caused universal sorrow through the provinces of the empire. When the neighbouring potentates were informed of the event, they were astonished that Sinkarib should extinguish the great luminary of Asia, and the firm support of his throne. The enemies of the Assyrian exulted, and wished but for pretexts to invade him.

Pharaoh, King of Egypt, believing that he had now an opportunity too favourable to be passed by, sent an envoy, almost without any attendance, to Nineveh, who brought the following letter to Sinkarib:

“ *Pharaoh*, Sovereign of the sovereign of the rivers of the earth, who fills the basin of the seas with the immense bulk of his waters, which he discharges through seven channels, to *Sinkarib*, King of Assyria.

“ Let him who is without wisdom, cease to command.

“ We wish to ennoble the yoke of humanity, and spread our wisdom to the corners of the earth. Descend from your throne, and come, with your nobles and your people, before my armies, with which I shall cover your sands; shall bind you with links of iron. Do not wait in the recesses of your palace for destruction and death; it is still, however, in your power to treat with me as a brother. Behold the conditions :

“ I have profound questions to propose; send me a man who shall be able to resolve them. You must build for me a palace; its foundation must rest upon nothing, and its roof must be without support. I seek for men superior to myself, to cover them with honour. If you can fulfill those conditions, I shall pay for four years a tenth of the revenues of Egypt. But should the man whom you send me be vanquished, should he be deficient in the least point which I require, expect the most severe treatment from me, as I shall have to complain either of your disobedience, or of your presumption.”

Sinkarib read the letter of Pharaoh with astonishment. He commanded the astrologers, the sages, and the architects of the empire to be assembled, that

he might know by what enchantment he could erect the imaginary palace required by Pharaoh. When the sages met, and heard the requisition of the Egyptian, they were obliged to acknowledge their inability to comply with it. They all cried, with one voice, *Hicar alone could have accomplished the desires of Pharaoh; they are insurmountable to every other person.*

Sinkarib, full of regret, dissolved the assembly. He no longer received satisfaction from the conversation and advice of Nadan: he now carried his sorrow and inquietude to the house of his aunt Zefagnie, where he wept over the irreparable loss of Hicar, as the greatest of his misfortunes.

The wife of Hicar still loved her nephew. Though he was enervated by pleasure, yet his heart was not radically bad. After a long conversation with him, finding that the fear of an inevitable war was not the only motive for his distress, but that real sensibility was the source, she informed him of the safety of her husband, without mentioning the means by which he had been preserved. She feared lest Yapoufmeck might feel the resentment of his sovereign; for Kings, whether they order right or wrong, wish to be obeyed, and Sinkarib, though indebted for his repose to the disobedience of his slave, might not have pardoned the transgression of his commands. She left the King to suppose that the safety of Hicar had been owing to the miraculous interposition of Bilelsanam.

“Hicar is living!” cried Sinkarib, in an ecstasy of joy. “Ah! how my heart is delighted! Heaven has saved me from the remorse of a crime, and has reserved for me an infallible resource against the vain efforts and wiles of Pharaoh!”

Zefagnie now hastened to the retreat of her husband, and informed him of the favourable change in the heart of Sinkarib. The venerable sage came forth to meet his Sovereign.

Sinkarib rushed into the arms of Hicar; he could scarcely set bounds to his delight. “Be calm, Prince,” said he; “it is necessary for your advantage that my existence should yet be unknown. I know on what footing you are with the King of Egypt, and have prepared the following answer to his letter:

“Sinkarib, King of Assyria, to Pharaoh, King of Egypt.

“He who is astonished at a wonder, shall never do any surprising.

“Your letter, my brother, has filled me with admiration for the extent and depth of the knowledge it announces, and for the estimation in which you hold mankind. I am happy to think with you, that the force which subdues men, debases them; for they are born to be governed by science and wisdom alone. Many of my sages solicit the honour of going to your court, to make an essay of their feeble talents in expounding the difficulties you wish to propose. The architects who are to build your palace

are here ; but they must procure workmen who can execute their orders, and that will cause a delay of three months, and this I regret as much as you can. Nothing remains to be done on your part, but to find people who can furnish them with materials : I moreover accept all your conditions, and am as ready to give as to receive hostages, if you have not that perfect reliance on my word which I have on yours."

Sinkarib was astonished at the contents of the letter ; but having a thorough confidence in the wisdom of Hicar, he submitted every thing to his determination.

" My Prince," said Hicar, " I must remain disguised in the palace of Zefagnie ; I shall assume the name of Abicam, a Chaldean astrologer, and thus unknown by the world, employ myself about your affairs.

" The person," continued Hicar, " who endeavoured to ruin me, is as much your enemy as mine. Double your guard, and take mine, which you had left through respect to the Princess your aunt : the commander is incorruptible ; all the officers are of his choice ; give him your confidence ; he will be a security to you against whatever enemies you may have."

Hicar seemed to have guessed the designs of Nandan. This ungrateful Minister had formed a plan to corrupt the guards of Sinkarib ; to send his head to the King of Egypt, and to succeed himself to the throne of Assyria, as the tributary of Pharaoh.

Sinkarib shewed to Nadan the letter which was to be sent to the King of Egypt. The Vizir, though surprised, considered it as calculated to gain time for putting the kingdom in a state of defence.

Zefagnie sent from the retreat of Hicar all the slaves who knew his person, except the gardener, in whom they had an unbounded confidence. To him the old Vizir was introduced, under the name of Abicam, and was allowed to use the physical instruments which had belonged to Hicar. He now employed himself in executing a plan of Zefagnie for building the aërial palace.

Hicar procured two young rooks*, just fledged; these he domesticated in such a manner, with two young slaves, of eleven years of age, that the birds allowed the children to sit on their backs, in seats adapted for the purpose. Hicar, with a long ribband fastened to their talons, conducted the first flight of the birds in the garden; afterwards the children held the ribband, which served for reins. Obedient to the voice of their little companions, the rooks soared aloft, or descended at pleasure. Nothing now remained, but to instruct the boys in what they should say and do, when they arrived in Egypt. As they were endowed with excellent understandings, that part of the scheme was easily effected.

* An enormous bird in the deserts of Africa. He can carry two hundred pounds weight. Some suppose this to be a fabulous bird.

At the completion of the eighth moon, since the letter of Sinkarib to Pharaoh, Hicar, under the name of Abicam, set out on his embassy. The Arabs of the remotest desert composed his escort, and his equipage consisted of four elephants; he, his wife, and two eunuchs, were in one tower; the two rooks, with their young guides, and two slaves to attend them, filled two more. Four women and two eunuchs loaded the back of the fourth elephant; and an hundred eunuchs, armed with sabres and lances, formed a circle round them. A silk net covered the towers in which the birds were shut up, as it was necessary they should be concealed from the eye of curiosity.

The whole caravan reached Cairo without meeting any obstacle. Hicar halted without the city, and as Ambassador from Sinkarib, sent to demand an audience from Pharaoh.

Though the Egyptian Monarch was assured by the Priests of Osiris, who have their temple in the lake of Meroné, that the questions he had to propose were impossible to be resolved; yet he was astonished at the noble and modest air of the Assyrian Ambassador; at the order, the precision, and force of his eloquence. He offered him the fairest palace in Cairo for his residence; but the husband of Zefagnie chose to return to his tent, where Pharaoh ordered every thing to be sent, that might be necessary for the accommodation of the illustrious stranger.

Hicar had scarce retired to his tent, when he received a message from the King, to come to the pa-

lace in three days, to answer the questions he had to propose to him.

At the expiration of three days, Hicar repaired to the palace of the King. He was conducted to the throne of Pharaoh, who was cloathed in purple and gold, adorned with precious stones. The nobles of the kingdom formed a splendid circle round their sovereign.

“Abicam,” said the King, (for Hicar still retained that name) “every thing is enigmatical in the universe; each object to be contemplated conceals an important truth; look on me, and my throne; what do I resemble, in the midst of my court?”

“Sire,” answered Hicar, “you resemble Bilelsanam, the Divinity of the Assyrians, when he appears in the fullness of his power.”

The King of Egypt being satisfied with this answer, ordered a rich garment for the Ambassador, and desired that he should return to the palace at the same hour next day.

The King waited for him, cloathed in white; his courtiers were dressed in different dark colours.

“What see you here, Abicam?” asked Pharaoh. “I behold, Sire, the fertile land of Egypt, dry and sterile, expecting the treasures which are to stream from the Ethiopian mountains. This is the emblem of the court which surrounds you.

“Your turban resembles those nutritive snows, which seem to support the Heavens.

“Your eyes and your mouth are the beneficent sources which spread around the fertilizing salts.

"Your hands, like the mouths of the Delta, shall dispense the superfluity of your wealth, and whatever breathes, shall assume a new existence."

Pharaoh was charmed with the wisdom of Hicar, and ordered him a robe still richer than the former, and appointed him to attend the next day.

Hicar found the King glittering with precious stones, and his Vizirs with their eyes closed, as if unable to endure the radiance. "What sensation do you feel, sage Assyrian?" said Pharaoh.

"I feel," said the Ambassador, "the enlivening rays of the sun, which your Majesty represents, diffusing heat and splendor to the surrounding planets."

Pharaoh was lost in admiration; but he determined to try once more the sagacity of Hicar. "You have thrice answered me," said he, "respecting myself; now, to what do you compare your King Sinkarib?"

"Sire," answered Hicar, "he is the friend of peace; the wind of the south, who, when nothing opposes him, scarcely curls the surface of the wave; but should the wind of the north dispute with him for the prize of glory, he hurls forth his tempest, his thunder, and his lightning, and shakes the very foundations of the earth."

The words of Hicar were like the storm which he described; the pride of Pharaoh revolted, to see that he had a rival, and the presence alone of the Assyrian Ambassador proved to him the possibility.

At the instant the King was ordering a garment still more magnificent for the supposed Abicam, a

courier from Assyria arrived with a letter for the Egyptian Monarch. Hicar asked leave to approach the messenger; he received the letter, put it on his head, and then presented it to the Sovereign to whom it was addressed. Pharaoh opened the letter, which was couched in the following words:

“ *Sinharit, King of Assyria, to Pharaoh, King of Egypt.*

“ When reason and good faith preside, there are no disputes which may not be adjusted.

“ As my servant Abicam is with you, he doubtless satisfies your wishes, and I think you will be as well content with him as with me, who desire nothing but your friendship, on which I reckon as much as if you had promised it to me. I should wish, my brother, to be on the same footing with all my neighbours; but I have some who are more ambitious than wise. The light of wisdom is not diffused every where. I am putting my armies on a respectable footing, to punish those who may infringe the treaties they have agreed to; but I shall have occasion for nine hundred katars * for completing the equipment of sixty thousand chariots; I request you will pay me that sum in advance; give it to my Ambassador. This mark of your confidence will always insure you my esteem.”

* A gold coin, equal to about 15l. British.

Hicar had led Pharaoh from surprise to admiration by the wisdom of his answers; but the letter of Sinkarib, which had been sent by the advice of the venerable Vizir, filled the Egyptian with astonishment.

"Abicam," said he, "before I satisfy the demand of Sinkarib, I require the palace, which you have promised to build. Fulfill your obligation; the execution of it shall dictate my answer."

Hicar having received from Pharaoh the dimensions of the palace, and a promise of materials for building it, engaged, that in four days the monarch should behold the completion of his wishes.

The cold precision, which characterized the answers of Hicar, astonished Pharaoh; he imagined that he had to deal with a profound magician; and as soon as the Assyrian Ambassador had withdrawn, he assembled together the priests of Osiris and Anabis.

Pharaoh having explained to them his embarrassment, the eldest of the priests informed him, that since the arrival of Abicam at Cairo, they had endeavoured to find out his constellation, but to no purpose. However, if he should have recourse to incantment, they would oppose magic to magic, and had no doubt of success.

Encouraged by this promise, the King ordered four thousand Ethiopians, six hundred chariots, an hundred elephants, and some of the most dextrous workmen in Egypt, to be ready to provide materials for the construction of the aerial palace.

On the day appointed, Pharaoh, attended by his court, by the priests of Osiris and Anabis, and an immense crowd of the people of Cairo, were met by the Assyrian Ambassador and his escort, without the walls of the city.

The four elephants, with their towers, adorned with banners, were in front, and the rooks, with their conductors, waited but for the signals which they were to obey. Hicar, at the appearance of Pharaoh, ordered the trumpets to sound; he approached the King, and said, "my workmen are prepared; they expect your Majesty's orders."

"Let them begin," answered Pharaoh. Hicar advanced to the side of the elephants; he made a motion with his hand; at this signal, the nets, which covered two of the towers, disappeared. A woman discovered herself, and mounted into the air. She was attired after the Assyrian fashion, in a robe of purple, starred with gold; a veil of gauze floated to the wind; it descended from the top of a crown, enriched with diamonds, which dimmed the splendor of the sun; her bright and piercing eyes seemed to claim an unbounded sovereignty, and her features displayed a manly dignity, mingled with the softness of her own sex. She smote the air three times with her wand, and a distinct voice pronounced the following words:

"Humble slaves of the powerful King Sinkarib, obey the orders of the great King Pharaoh."

A loud noise was instantly heard; the rooks, issuing from their towers, soared into the clouds,

having on their backs their youthful guides, bright as the morning star; their hair was adorned with garlands of flowers, and their garments were of gauze, variegated with the colours of the rainbow. Each held a trowel of gold in his hand, and they appeared to travel without dread through the extensive fields of air.

Pharaoh was lost in ecstasy; he asked the priests of Osiris what they thought of this wonder?

“Sire, said they,” it is a magnificent magic, above the reach of all human effort; it surpasses our understanding.”

Pharaoh then turned to Hicar. “Abicam,” said he, “who is this enchantress or goddess, that has appeared before our eyes? where are the Genii gone, who obey her orders?”

“All-powerful monarch,” answered Hicar, “there is here neither goddess, magician, nor genii; you have seen nothing but a woman and two children; *but* these are the subjects of the great King Sinkarib.” “Shall we see them return?” rejoined Pharaoh. “They are to build your palace,” said Hicar. “The woman whom you have seen is the architect; look towards the heavens; your workmen descend.” When Hicar knew that the birds were in call, “*Slaves of Sinkarib*,” cried he, “*do your duty.*”

The woman appeared again; she waved her wand, and the children hovered round her head. “Workmen,” said she, “the foundations are dug, ask for the materials proper for your work.” She

threw a long clew of ribbons; the children snatched it, and directed their flight, where the labourers of Pharaoh waited for them. The King hastened thither, followed by the priests and astrologers.

The rooks circled round for some time, and descended so low that their guides might be heard. "Subjects of King Pharaoh," said they, "give us the stones, the lime, and the sand, that we may build the palace for your master."

The slaves of the King of Egypt stood with staring eyes and gaping mouths.

"Great King!" cried the woman, from the summit of her tower, "these are lazy Ethiopians, whom your Majesty has employed in your service; exert your power, and give energy to your subjects, who are debased by slavery." Zefagnie (for it was she who personated the dame of the tower) then spoke to her own workmen: "Subjects of King Sinkarib! Your master would wish to oblige King Pharaoh: though you cannot touch the ground, approach as near as possible."

She made a sign with her wand, to which the birds had been accustomed; they descended; the Ethiopians fell flat on the earth. Some, who through stupidity remained in an erect posture, were thrown down by the feet of the rooks.

The formidable wand of Zefagnie now directed their flight, where the priests of Osiris had formed a circle, of which their chief was the centre; they had resolved to oppose incantment to incantment, but they were easily overthrown by the feathered

magicians. The plain, which had been crowded with thousands, was now become a desert full of rubbish.

Pharaoh, whose soul was proud, but energetic, remained unappalled. Hicar was by his side.

“ Abicam, said he, “ I have been dazzled by chimeras ; I have been deceived by appearances. Surrounded by my magicians, I have relied too much on their power. I had supposed, that since the death of Hicar, the Caldean, there was no man in Assyria, who could contend with me ; but you have proved to me the contrary. I wish to be the friend and ally of your King. Come to-morrow to my palace. Our agreement shall be fulfilled.”

Zefagnie now withdrew into her tower, and Pharaoh, with his court, returned into the city : the rooks and their guides, who had been concealed in a neighbouring forest, were again covered with their mysterious veil, and Hicar and his wife congratulated themselves on the success of their adventure.

Next day, the Ambassador of Sinkarib entered Cairo ; his reception was noble. When he approached the throne, the sovereign, after having received his homage, descended, and embraced him.

“ Abicam,” said he, “ I wish for the friendship of Sinkarib ; I desire to see him at Nineveh, and to behold his glory. I have ordered him a tenth of the four years revenue of Egypt. I have added the nine katars, which he asked for completing his chariots. Tell him, I shall be happy to combat by his side against his enemies. I shall make all his sub-

jects depart, who have at any time fled into Egypt, and here is a letter, which you are to deliver to him from me."

"Pharaoh, King of Egypt, to Sinkarib, King of Assyria.

"Glory to the powers, from whence flow the graces which are poured on the earth. Glory to him, who is seen crowned.

"I wished, my brother, to contend with you for the palm of wisdom. I myself imposed the conditions; I have been foiled in the contest; but I pay without repining, since I have heard and seen what gives me delight. You ask from me nine hundred katars to defray extraordinary expences; I am happy to oblige you. Your acquittal shall be in exchanging with me a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, which your wife Ambassador shall carry to you, sealed with my great seal."

Abicam, loaded with gifts and honours, now set out for Nineveh. Two nobles of the court of Pharaoh, at the head of a party of cavalry, escorted him to the borders of Assyria.

Fame had already conveyed the success of Abicam to Nineveh. Nadan was struck with terror.—"Who," said he, "is this Abicam? Who is this disciple of Zefagnie, who performs such wonders?" Nadan saw in Abicam a formidable rival, and already began to design his ruin.

Zefagnie now returned to her palace; and the pretended Abicam retired for a few days to his her-

mitage, before he should appear at the Assyrian court, to give an account of his embassy.

Sinkarib flew to the palace of his aunt, who informed him of the stratagem by which he had been extricated from his difficulties : at the same time she advised him to imprison the dangerous and worthless Nadan. Sinkarib instantly complied with her requisition ; Nadan was seized, and cast into a dungeon, where this monster of ingratitude rid the world of his crimes, by becoming his own executioner.

Sinkarib assembled his council, and acquainted them with his good fortune, in having found again his ancient Vizir Hicar ; he recounted the services which he had performed in Egypt, under the feigned name of Abicam, and predicted the repose of Assyria, under the government of such a wise minister, whom he had this day recalled to the exercise of his former functions.

Hicar was received in the city amid the acclamations of the people, who brought him in triumph to the foot of the throne, where he received the most distinguished marks of approbation from his sovereign.

The Vizir presented to Sinkarib the letter which he had brought from Pharaoh ; he engaged the monarch to sign the treaty of alliance, and to send a suitable answer to the King of Egypt. There was not a moment lost ; a courier was instantly sent with dispatches to Cairo.

Hicar now resumed the reins of government, with the universal approbation of the empire ; and Sinkarib's kind attention to him and Zefagnie, made them forget the disappointment they had experienced in Nadan.

The history of Sinkarib and his two Vizirs being thus finished, Schariar appeared satisfied. He was pleased with the punishment of the ungrateful Nadan, and charmed with the manner that Hicar supported the character of Abicam at the court of Pharaoh. He was also much amused with the flight of the rooks, and the skill of the young children.

Scheherazade, at the request of Dinarzade, and with the approbation of Schariar, next related the history of the Lover of the Stars.

The History of the LOVER of the STARS.

DALHUC, a potter at Bagdad, lived peaceably : he lost his wife, after having been married to her seventeen years. She left a son, aged sixteen years.

From this time the potter visited a widow, who was younger than himself. Her name was Naralha ; her profession was to sell pomatums, which improved the skin and complexion, and seemed to give an eternity to youth. She was admitted into the palace of the Caliph, and the principal harams of the city ; but her vogue was of short duration. The fictitious bloom on the adulterated countenances of her cus-

tomers soon passed away ; and finding that the sale of her pomatums daily diminished, she resolved to marry the potter, and possess herself of what little fortune he had.

Dalhuc was too much in love to resist her offer ; the contract was signed before the Cadi, and Narilha became absolute mistress at the house of the potter.

Narilha had a son of the same age with young Dalhuc. He was one of the greatest fools in Bagdad, but he was not the less beloved by his mother. This vain and unpolished creature was called Badur ; taking advantage of the weakness of old Dalhuc for his mother, he quarrelled with his son, who, notwithstanding his natural good temper, was provoked to beat the insolent Badur. The enraged Narilha now drove young Dalhuc out of the house ; he fled for protection to Cassanak, his mother's brother.

Narilha now purchased a garden without the city ; she set up a fruiterer's shop, and through the interest of the purveyor of the palace, became fruit-woman to the Caliph.

Cassanak, with whom young Dalhuc took up his residence, was one of the worthiest men in Bagdad ; but having a large family of his own, was unable to provide for his nephew. Being determined to punish Narilha, he applied to one of his friends, who was a Geomancer, "How would you wish to revenge your brother's son ?" demanded the sage.

"I should wish to punish this arrogant woman," answered Cassanack, "to force from her the money

she has defrauded my brother-in-law of, and to lay it out for the benefit of his son. This young man was to have been married to the only daughter of a rich barber, but Narilha has made the father alter his plan, and the girl is intended for Badur."

"I engage for your success, rejoined the Geomancer. "Go directly, and hire in the neighbourhood of the palace, a fruiterer's shop; when the bargain is made; return here, and you shall find every thing arranged for you."

Cassanak, eager for revenge, went, bargained for a shop, paid the earnest, and returned. The Geomancer furnished him with an Armenian dress, a pointed bonnet, a written paper, containing the instructions necessary for him; "your nephew," said the Geomancer, "is to go to the shop you have hired, and is not to be astonished at whatever he may see done."

Cassanak returned home, and locked himself up in his closet, to study the character he was to represent. He waited with impatience for the morning; when the dawn appeared, he covered himself with the magic robe, and pointed bonnet, and having sent Dalhuc to his post, he himself went to the house of Narilha. He tasted her fruit, and praised it much; he told her, that the excellence of her fruit would probably save him a journey to Damascus. He purchased, at an exorbitant price, two pomegranates; he threw them into the air, and they instantly disappeared. Narilha and her son were astonished: The pretended Armenian took a silver

tube from his pocket, through which he seemed to articulate a few words in a low tone of voice; a moment after he applied an horn of the same metal to his ear, pretending to hear what had been said to him.

He now informed Narilha, that her fruit was approved of, and that he had received an order for all she had. He offered her his purse, and desired her to take out of it what she might think proper. The appearance of gold awaked the avarice of Narilha; she would gladly have seized the whole purse; however, she contented herself with taking thirty sequins for what might have been worth five or six.

The Armenian shewed no discontent; he took his fruit; he threw a melon to the right, and an apple to the left; in a short time all the contents of the shop were in motion, and flew away, as if they had got wings.

The Armenian now informed Narilha, that he was the grand caterer of the stars; that he had descended to the earth to furnish them with provisions; that having heard of the fine fruit of Damascus, he had determined to go there, till chance had brought him to her shop; he said, he had no doubt but she would be appointed fruiterer to the firmament.

The malicious caterer now launched out into the praise of Badur. "What a charming young man!" said he; "what a pity that he is not married!" "He is engaged, Sir," answered Narilha, "to the daughter of a rich barber." "A barber! A barber! and a rich barber!" exclaimed the Armenian.—

“ your son, who is a very miracle, (were he not so silent) should be married to the youngest and fairest of our beauties, the morning star. Would you, Madam, approve such an alliance.” “ I should be charmed with it, Sir,” answered Narilha.

The Armenian now ordered the shop-door to be shut, and a bucket of water to be brought; he desired the young man to assume an air of gaiety, and to look into the vessel. Badur obeyed.

The Armenian then lifted up the bucket, and threw the water toward the cieling, and not a single drop fell on the floor. He then informed Narilha that he had sent the portrait of her son to the fairest of the stars, and that they must wait a moment for the effect.

In a short time the Armenian applied the tube to his mouth, and the horn to his ear. He told Narilha that her son was infinitely pleasing to the morning star: but that in some points he must be guided by him; that his thick beard must be shaved, which concealed his fine complexion; and that he must prepare against morning a garland of flowers for his mistress. Cassanack then took leave.

The purveyor of the Caliph, and several other customers, now came into the shop of Narilha, and finding no fruit, left it in disgust. But she was indifferent about them, as she was to supply the table of the stars.

As all the fruit which had gone from Narilha, had arranged itself in the shop of young Dalhuc, he was enabled to furnish the customers of his step-

mother. They were offended at her insolence, and promised to deal with the young man in future.

Next morning, the Armenian returned to the shop of Narilha, and purchased for forty sequins, all the fruit she had got. The fruit disappeared as on the preceding day, and went to the shop of Dalhuc.

Cassanak then looked at Badur, who had punctually obeyed his injunctions. He was shaved, and had got an enormous garland of flowers. The Armenian took the garland, and threw it into the air; it followed the fruit.

He then advised Badur to present his mistress a more agreeable picture of himself, than he had done the day before; "for," said he, "your face was then shaded with a thick beard; now there is nothing to obscure your beauty; let the bucket of water be brought here."

Badur acquiesced; and as he stooped down, two invisible hands seized his head, and plunged it into the water. Narilha shrieked, Badur started up, and the Armenian laughed. "Oh! what charming sport!" cried he; "it was only to kiss your son, that his head was immersed in the bucket. Is not his face covered with pearls? are not his lips perfumed with amber?"

After this ridiculous scene, Cassanak departed, desiring Narilha and Badur to have fresh fruit and flowers against the following day. He then went to his friend the Geomancer, who advised him to purchase a good garden for his nephew. "But where shall I get the money," said Cassanak. "I

am not able to repay what you have already lent me." "You owe me nothing," said the Geomancer; "the money I furnished you with is Narilha's, and half of it she stole from Dalhuc. By my art I can make the sequins fly to and fro. Here is gold for you; your nephew must be settled in life, and married to the barber's daughter."

In the mean time an interview took place between Narilha and the barber. A torrent of abuse and invective was copiously discharged on both sides, and a final end put to the proposed connection between the two families.

As the barber was returning home, he met Cassanak, who had just purchased the garden for his nephew. They entered into conversation about Dalhuc and his family, and the barber finding that young Dalhuc's affairs were in such a prosperous way, said he would marry his daughter to him directly, as he knew the parties had an attachment for each other.

Next day the Armenian returned to Narilha, purchased more fruit, and paid nobly for it. Badur had now some doubts to be removed. "My mistress," said he, "is so small, that I could carry her in the hollow of my hand." "You are deceived by the distance," answered the Armenian; "she is nearly as large as you." "But then," rejoined Badur, "she must be all face like the moon."—"No, no," said the Armenian, "she has arms, hands, legs, and feet, as you have; she has a beautiful glow-worm on the top of her bonnet, which

gives her that round luminous appearance." "Ah!" said Badur, "I now understand. If she takes off her bonnet, she will be like any other woman; and should I put a glow-worm on my head, I would become a star." "Perfectly right," answered the Armenian. "Madam," said he, turning to Narilha, "you see what a progress your son has made: in one moment, he has learned more than the most famous astrologers, who have devoted their whole lives to the study of the stars."

Narilha, though possessed of low cunning, yet was extremely ignorant; she likewise wished to make some inquiry about the inhabitants of heaven. "Are they well dressed, Sir," said she to Cassanak. "Their garments," answered he, "are like beautiful clouds; you would suppose they were sprinkled with the dust of the Thamerena, and they smell like a garland of roses, jonquils, and orange flowers." "Oh!" said Badur, "I love flowers to distraction; I shall always wear a nose-gay. Eh! when shall I enjoy those exquisite perfumes?" "This night, if you chuse," answered the Armenian.—"Go to your father's garden without the city; your mistress will bathe at eleven o'clock, in the river which runs beside it; strip yourself, and swim to her, but go with caution, lest you should disturb the water, and she should escape. I have no more advice to give you; you must marry her instantly; you have no occasion for Cadi, or witnesses; the daughters of the sky use no ceremony." "So much money saved!" said Badur. "But how shall I

know my star amongst a thousand others?" Your gardener," answered Cassanak, "will shew you the morning star in the Tigris; for you are not to look for her in heaven." Cassanak now parted from the mother and son till the next day.

He next went to his brother's garden, and detailed to him at large the various impositions Nariha had practised on him. "You must," said Cassanak, "divorce this woman, who has treated you and your family in such a manner!" He next informed him of his son's good fortune; they then proceeded together to the barber's house, where the marriage ceremony was performed between young Dalhuc and the barber's daughter.

Old Dalhuc returned home late from the wedding; he was severely scolded by Nariha; but as he had been taught his lesson by Cassanak, he was perfectly indifferent to her remonstrances. When morning came, Nariha used all her influence, but to no purpose, to get her husband out of the house: she did not wish him to be present at her interview with the caterer of the stars. A loud rapping was now heard at the door. "Heavens!" cried she, "here is the Armenian!" She ran towards the door, but Dalhuc prevented her, by opening it himself.

The man who rapped was clothed in a robe, but this robe was the faragi of the Cadi, who was attended by Cassanak and some of the officers of justice.

"Where is this Dalhuc," said the Cadi, "who desires to be divorced from his wife? I want to know if his motives are sufficient."

“ My Lord,” answered Dalhuc, I married this woman to take care of my family, and assist me in business; when she came here, she quarrelled with my son, and turned him naked out of doors. I set up a fruit-shop; she was not satisfied with keeping the profits to herself, but she drove away all my customers for a man fallen from the clouds. “ Yes, truly,” exclaimed Narilha, “ fallen from the clouds!” He can ascend there again, and treat you as you deserve; I load you with my curse; he will, I am certain, comply with my wish, and let the world know who he is, and who I am.” “ You hear her, my Lord,” said Dalhuc. “ Yes,” said the Cadi; “ her head is deranged.” “ Is it thus that the great fruiterer of the stars should be treated!” exclaimed Narilha, with her eyes burning with rage. “ Oh! that the celestial caterer would come! or my son, who espoused last night the morning star!” “ You hear her, my Lord,” said Dalhuc. “ Alas! I hear her,” replied the Cadi. “ You have but too much reason.”

Narilha! favourite of the caterer of the stars! said Dalhuc, mother-in-law of the morning star! Go. I repudiate you, once, twice, thrice! The deed was now drawn up.

“ Where is my dowry?” said Narilha. “ I must have two hundred sequins, or the garden.”— “ First,” said Dalhuc, “ give an account of what fruit you sold the stranger for the three last days.”— “ Here,” said she, throwing six sequins and some small coin in his face. “ This will not do,” said Casanak; “ you have not given a fourth part of what

you received ; the amount was an hundred and forty sequins. I gave you the money, which was lent me by an Armenian of Bagdad, and here is his robe and bonnet." Narilha was struck speechless ; but her confusion increased, at the arrival of Badur ; he had got a violent defluxion from his nose, a swelled throat, and his voice so hoarse, that he could with difficulty be understood. He began to curse the stars. " Young man," said the Cadi, " what has happened to you ? If you have been beaten, I shall see justice done." " Oh ! my Lord," said Badur, " let the stars be bastinadoed. I was to have had one of them for my wife ; I had sent her a nosegay and my picture in a bucket of water. She made me come to the Tigris, where it was excessively cold. I tumbled twenty times in following her, and swam above half a league ; when I thought I had brought her to land, I was severely beaten with rods ; I turned round, but could see nobody.

At this narrative the pride of Narilha was humbled ; she saw that she had been made a fool of, and that her character was completely developed. The Cadi ordered seventy sequins to be paid her for her dowry. Finding that she should receive nothing more, she sallied out of the house with her son, cursing the stars, and every thing else. Dalhuc remained with Cassanak, whom he thanked in the most cordial manner for his delivery from Narilha.

Scheherazade having concluded the story of the Lover of the Stars, began the History of Bohetzad and his ten Vizirs.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

